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The Week

IN THREE states civil war has broken out between hungry miners and the mercenaries of the coal barons who for years have failed to save this disorganized industry themselves and have stood in the way of all proposals to help it made by others. This war is on some occasions war—not just the "industrial warfare" of a strike, but a series of battles with wounding and killing, with barricades, clubs, shotguns and rifles. The latest engagement has occurred in the Pittsburgh district, where, according to The New York Times, "Thousands of miners, with wives and daughters fighting at their sides, fought the police at two extremities of the seventy-mile strike district." At Westland, according to this dispatch, more than a thousand miners attacked mounted troopers, knocked one from his horse and beat him with his riot stick. One of the troopers trying to rescue him shot two of the miners, who were then arrested. The police charged the crowd and in the end dispersed it. At Ellsworth hostilities took place between a marching column of miners and a band of Coal and Iron Police barricaded behind an automobile across the highway. Missiles were thrown and the troops responded with tear gas. "Screaming women urged on the attackers. Many children of fifteen or less took part." Another car filled with armed troopers drove off the crowd. Miners, with their wives and children, do not go about the country attacking armed police unless they are driven to desperation.

IN West Virginia, a little earlier, there had been no violence of this sort, but 1,500 miners, with their wives and children, marched eighteen miles to Charleston to demand food from the Governor. The Governor said there was nothing the state could do. President Frank Keeney of the West Virginia Mine Workers' Union replied that even though the Constitution did not provide for it, West Virginia had an obligation to furnish employment for jobless citizens, and told the Governor that he feared serious consequences unless food or work was forthcoming. The crowd then marched to the county courthouse to hold a meeting, filling the streets, "marching past the beautiful homes of the rich and on into the business section." The courthouse was overcrowded with the hungry, long lines filling the corridor and stretching out into the street. "All that stands between you hungry people and food are a few plate-glass windows; no state has a right to call you criminal if you take what you must have to live," President Keeney is quoted as saying. And a Charleston attorney, Mr. Harold Houston, is reported to have remarked, "The captains of our industry are making a revolution as fast as they can drive working men into it." That the West Virginia miners and their families have not yet resorted to mass violence is probably attributable in part to the fact that money is being sent them out of contributions received by the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City.

IN Kentucky even more serious trouble has been occurring, which we cannot describe fully at this time because it has not been adequately reported. Men have been killed in Harlan County, however, in a battle between miners and mine guards at Evarts. Eighteen union miners and lead-

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ers are in jail under triple murder charges, while a number of others have been arrested. Most of the murder indictments rest on the testimony of a company gunman, who was with the guards at the Evarts battle, and who later, while under arrest for drunkenness, was, he says, told by the miners in jail who had done the shooting. The Federated Press reports that in this district hundreds of families are hungry, and some have been reduced to begging, while the miners grow more bitter and angry. For a while the state militia, who were called in after the shooting, gave their left-overs to the miners' families, but this has been stopped. The indictments are handed down by a special grand jury called by Judge Jones, who, it is charged, was elected to his office by fraud as the operators' candidate. None of the company guards has been indicted, although it is stated that they "have punched miners with pistols until their bodies bled, they have thrown them out of company post offices where they had gone to get mail. . . ." Most of the mines in this district are owned by Northern capitalists such as Andrew Mellon, Commonwealth-Edison and Insull.

IT IS reported that the federal administration is still convinced that the principal trouble with business is lack of optimism. Certainly its main reliance is not on action, such as a big bond issue for public works, but upon encouraging statements like that emanating from a recent Cabinet meeting. It still hopes that wages will be kept up, though in the face of the growing tide of reductions it is saying less about the matter than formerly. Meanwhile the Farm Board, by withdrawing from the wheat market, has let down prices about thirteen cents a bushel. There is no help of any sort in prospect for the farmers. And the President's spokesmen look on with assumed complacency while Canada raises her tariff in retaliation for the Smoot-Hawley bill. The fact that the result is to move American factories across the border and increase unemployment here does not bother them at all. Has not the tariff made us prosperous? And will it not also make Canada prosperous, so increasing our prosperity in return? Such fatuous arguments testify to the profundity of the minds which direct our national destiny.

THE bankers have learned something since the failure of the Bank of United States in New York; or perhaps the Chicago bankers are more responsive to community needs. For in that city strong banks have taken over weak ones which, there is good reason to believe, would have had to close their doors if no action had been taken. The First National Bank, of which Melvin Traylor is the head, absorbed the Foreman-State National Bank and the Foreman-State Trust and Savings Bank, while the Central Trust Company merged on equal terms with the National Bank of the Republic. At the same time, however, six small banks, three of which had been affiliated with the Foreman banks, closed. Apparently the stronger banks, with the aid of the Clearing House Association and the Federal Reserve officials, saved what they could, though at the expense of some of the smaller institutions and their depositors. What would have happened to the confidence of the country if the big crashes which were imminent had been allowed to occur may well be imagined. But the financial system of the country is weak indeed when salvage of this sort must depend on frenzied meetings of bankers at the last moment. One of the first duties in reorganizing our economic institutions is to strengthen the banking system.

THINGS are again going very badly for the Nationalist government of China. Canton and surrounding territory are now under the control of an independent government, set up not by Communists but by a group whose political outlook is about that of the Nanking regime itself. The basis of this separatist movement is supposedly objection to Chiang Kai-shek's practical dictatorship, but actually it is no doubt like the other local revolts in various parts of China—an attempt to seize power for power's own sake, and for the emoluments which derive therefrom. The Nationalists are not at present contemplating any serious military movement against the Cantonese, on the ground that China simply cannot stand any more civil war at present. Meanwhile in the North, ominous clouds are gathering. General Chang Chung-chang, former Shantung war lord, has left his retirement in Japan and gone back to China in the hope of returning to power. He will seek an understanding with Yen Hsi-shan, once "model governor" of the "model province" of Shansi, and with Feng Yu-hsiang, erstwhile "Christian general" who, like a good Christian, refuses to stay bribed no matter how much money Chiang Kai-shek gives him. Manchuria is under the control of Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, who is nominally in alliance with Chiang Kai-shek; but if the new Northern alliance showed signs of winning, Marshal Chang would probably go over to it. Meanwhile, the Communist movement continues to be suppressed by Nanking with a severity which is appalling to Western eyes. Hundreds of young Communist men and women are reported to be imprisoned, tortured and executed. Yet with all the killings, the movement grows; the blood of its martyrs is the seed of the Marxian church.

IT IS good news that Bennington College, for women, at Bennington, Vermont, will open next year; the plans for this institution, which had long been under way, were seriously affected by the business depression and for some time it was feared that the opening would be indefinitely postponed. Bennington, as many readers of The New Republic already know, represents an attempt to apply in the collegiate field more comprehensively than ever be-

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fore the principles of "progressive education" hitherto practised chiefly in primary schools. Stuents at Bennington will be admitted, not on a basis of special examinations, or the completion of certain required courses in preparatory schools, but after an examination of their whole previous scholastic record and personal history. Each student, during the first two years, will do work arranged for her as an individual, without reference to the needs or interests or her classmates. Admission to the upper division, at the end of two years, will not be a mere matter of accumulating credits, but will require "the demonstration of distinct ability and interest" in one of the four major fields of activity into which the college curriculum is divided (one of them being the fine arts). During the last two years, the work will be even more individual and special. Students will live in small, self-governing "house groups"; a long winter recess is provided for travel, field work and "the educational advantages of metropolitan life"; and upper-division students who can pursue their studies to greater advantage at other colleges will do so without severing their ties to Bennington. One-quarter of the undergraduates will be on scholarship, an arrangement made possible because the remaining three-quarters will pay tuition high enough to cover the whole course of their education. No progressive college, of course, can hope to please everybody with each feature of its plan; but Bennington has a sufficient number of merits to justify rejoicing over the fact that it is to be opened in 1932. We wait impatiently for a comparable forward step in the field of education for men.

ANOTHER international conference on control of the drug traffic is wending its weary way across the stage at Geneva. Fifty-two governments are conferring, as they have so often done in the past, in the attempt to improve the situation without at the same time doing serious harm to the vested interests which at present profit from the creation of narcotic addicts throughout the world. The representatives of the United States have introduced a proposal that no country shall buy or import habit-forming drugs beyond the amounts necessary for legitimate medical or scientific purposes; but it is far from certain that even this mild proposal will be adopted, and if it should be, the problem of smuggling would still remain a difficult one. The drug question will never be solved until the profit is taken out of the traffic to the utmost possible extent. To do this, the growing, manufacture, export, import and sale of all habit-forming drugs ought to be made a monopoly of the respective governments concerned. There would still be some bootleg production and distribution, and certain governments would probably yield to the temptation to take a share of the blood money which comes from encouraging addiction, but the situation would be vastly better. Any lesser ameliorative measures will produce only minor benefits.

Who Prevents European Recovery?

THE WEEK-END visit of Chancellor Bruening and Foreign Minister Curtius of Germany to Prime Minister MacDonald has been useful primarily as a publicity device. It has called general attention to a situation which was already familiar to the insiders, and by so doing has helped prepare the public mind for the inevitable next step. That is, of course, a demand by Germany for another downward revision of reparations. She will make this demand, not on the score of justice, although she might well do so, but on the ground that it is impossible for her to continue to pay at the present scale. Unless the burden upon her is moderated, her spokesmen say in effect, her people are likely to repudiate the whole agreement. Her present government will be succeeded by one of the Hitlerites or the Communists, either of which will certainly refuse to pay. What could the Allies do then? At least two of them, Great Britain and Italy, would do nothing. If France should attempt to collect by force she would find the cost so much greater than the receipts that she would quickly give it up as a bad job. In the meantime, however, it is entirely possible that a war might be started—a war in which the actual or potential allies on one side would be Germany, Austria, Hungary, Italy and Russia, and on the other, France, Poland and the Little Entente.

The general situation behind the present crisis remains unchanged. The Allies, by the threat of force and nothing else, are extracting reparations payments from Germany. They are in turn making payments on war debts to the United States. They cannot, so they say, continue to pay us unless they continue to get the money from Germany. Thus far, Germany has in the main made her payments, not by an excess of exports over imports, which is the only possible way to transmit abroad large sums taken out of her own economy, but by foreign borrowings. These foreign borrowings cannot be continued, and ought not to be. Therefore, as a matter of simple mathematics, it seems inevitable that Germany will suspend or greatly reduce her payments, and the Allies will do the same in respect to the war debts. What next?

All western Europe is united in a propaganda which has gone on unceasingly since the Armistice. It asks the United States to make further remission of the debts, of which a large part has already been canceled. It also asks us to reduce our tariff walls, which prevent European goods from reaching us; the argument which applies to Germany also applies to the Allied nations—unless they can send us goods they cannot pay. But the Hoover administration continues the policy of its predecessors: it will not ask Congress to reduce the war debts; it insists that the matter of reparations is

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one with which we have nothing whatever to do, and it clings firmly to the doctrine of high tariffs for America, whatever the effect upon the rest of the world. Mr. Hoover in this dilemma has discovered an ingenious loophole for himself. He insists that armaments are what is wrong with Europe; that if the Old World would only disarm, or at least greatly reduce its burden of armies and navies, it would be able to lift itself out of the morass of depression, and continue its present scheduled payments. While Mr. Hoover does not himself suggest this, other persons near him have argued that if America forgave the war debts, the money which was thus made available to the Allied governments would simply be added to their present expenditures for armament, and make a bad situation worse.

It is easy to pick flaws in the President's exceedingly muddled economic thinking on this subject. The country whose financial situation is the crux of the whole matter, Germany, is virtually disarmed, and yet finds herself with 5,000,000 unemployed and expects to see this number increased by 50 percent in the next few months. Moreover, the burden of armaments in Europe was about the same two years ago as today, yet these countries were on the whole fairly prosperous. France, which is carrying the greatest armament burden of any of the capitalistic nations, felt the depression less and later than most of the others. It is now hinted in Washington that Mr. Hoover, concerned about the fate of next year's arms conference, is prepared to bargain with the Allies (which means, with France), offering to attempt to get from Congress a reduction in the war debts in exchange for substantial reduction of armament. We do not know how much truth there is in this rumor, but we sincerely hope that there is none. To suppose that the United States could trade debt reduction for armament limitation is to misunderstand the psychology of nations and the realities of the European situation. France knows quite well that whenever she wishes to take the loss to her international prestige, she can stop making payments to us on war debts; but she feels—however unwisely—that military preparedness is a matter of national life or death. Nothing that we could say or do would make her abandon the activities which she feels are necessary for her security—unless we were prepared to offer equivalent guarantees of another sort, which we are not.

It is highly significant that the present discussion of international obligations is in terms of cancellation and not of moratoria. Germany can at any time suspend payment of part of the reparations for the limited period. The debt agreements with the United States have similar clauses. If any of the countries making international payments should get into temporary difficulties, it can greatly reduce the drain of its financial resources until the emergency is past. But what is being discussed is actual and permanent reduction. When the Young Plan was drawn up, everyone knew that it was a temporary expedient, which would have to be modified if experience showed that it was unworkable. Germany now says that this is the case; France says it is not; and there the matter stands.

It is easy to say what ought to be done in this juncture. France ought to abandon her policy of military domination of Europe, of keeping Germany prostrate both economically and in a military sense. The United States ought to abandon its attempt to stand aloof from a situation in which it is so vitally concerned. An international conference should be called which would consider simultaneously debts, reparations, tariffs and armaments, for the purpose of effecting drastic reductions in all four categories and looking toward their complete abolition in a few years' time. But there is not much practical benefit to be derived from saying what ought to be done, when it is so painfully clear that nothing of the sort will take place. France and America are the two villains of the piece, and neither is likely to change its attitude until it changes its government. The French have never wavered since the Armistice; and the Hoover administration is irrevocably committed to its present course.

What is likely to happen is that Germany will suspend payment of part of the reparations, and we shall then have a repetition of the conferences which preceded the Dawes and Young plans. The German obligation will again be reduced, and if by that time the general industrial depression has been sufficiently alleviated, the new arrangement may work for a few months or years before it, in turn, breaks down. The danger (from the Allies' point of view) is, as we have said, that in the meantime the German people, resenting the terrific burden they are forced to carry, may turn to the extreme Right or Left, to the Hitlerites or Communists, and repudiate their international obligations in toto. Mr. Hoover and the French are gambling with the peace of the world.

Two Governors Speak Out

OUR TITULAR national leaders in both politics and business have been using a large amount of impotent language in recent months. These vague words are not employed, for the most part, to conceal thought, for there appears to be little thought behind them. Rather, they are a self-protective cloud of squid-like ink, necessitated by the fact that those who emit it, caught in a strong tide of events and surrounded by a host of enemies, are incapable of moving. They must hide in self-created murk. It is therefore a relief to find in the annual conference of Governors that the two most prominent who were present had something positive and enlightening to say. Speeches are not, to be sure, identical with accomplishment in the world of fact. Nevertheless, it is an event worth

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celebrating when men who have become prominent enough to command a national audience can be vigorous and definite even in words.

Governor Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania, fresh from his battle with the utilities in his state, made no bones about the practices of his enemies or the issues at stake. Ninety-five percent of the electric output is now controlled by four major groups, and mergers are likely further to consolidate them. These interests dominate political machines and manage largely to work their will in local, state and national governments. Their power is exercised for the purpose of collecting more money for their services than these services are thought to be worth by experts having only the public interest at heart. Mr. Pinchot calls this excess profit graft, just as it would be called if a small contractor used similar methods. In Pennsylvania, the Governor estimates that through the "write-up," electric utilities alone are collecting a return on more than $100,000,000 that never was put into the business. He estimates that all the utilities in that state are collecting $50,000,000 a year more than a fair return on their actual investment. The same practice is, of course, general throughout the country.

Mr. Pinchot's nomination and election, largely on this issue, indicates popular support for his program of control, and though the lower house of the legislature voted for it, that program was defeated in the state senate through the influence of the machine and the utilities. Of course, he does not believe that the job of regulating such vast interests can be successfully accomplished through the several states alone.

Though the size of the electric bill, important as it is in the life of the country, may not be a cause over which we are easily aroused to fight and die, still the dominance of these great, self-seeking interests over the political agencies of the consumers is a striking symbol of what is happening to our supposedly free, competitive and democratic civilization. This is Mr. Hoover's "rugged individualism" in practice. But it is the individualism of the big fellow at the expense of the small. That really amounts not to freedom but to control. It is, however, control by the private interest in pursuit of profits, rather than control by the public over the private concern for social ends. In dramatizing this issue Mr. Pinchot doubtless feels that he is striking a blow for democracy against a specific group of malefactors, but what he is really doing is to demonstrate the anachronism of eighteenth-century liberalism as a solvent for the problems of twentieth-century industrial civilization. And, be it noted, it is not so much Mr. Pinchot who talks the antiquated liberalism as it is the industrialists themselves.

Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt's speech came to much the same point, though in a more conscious and less dramatic way. He was concerned, not so much with demonstrating the control now exercised by private interests, as with expressing the need for planning and control by the government in behalf of the public. "I cannot," he said, "take the Pollyanna view of our problems. It is not enough to apply old remedies." We need "positive leadership and definite experiments which have not hitherto been tried." We ought to have "concerted plans for the better use of our resources and the better planning of our economic and social life in general." In all this the government is important. People are asking "why government cannot and should not act to protect its citizens from disaster."

While Mr. Roosevelt did not go further than to mention a few elementary items of the sort of national policy he favors, he did illustrate by a description of what New York State is doing by way of beginning to plan—a subject which has frequently been mentioned in The New Republic. A state-wide survey of the physical factors, a policy of retiring submarginal agricultural land for the growing of forests, the expansion of recreational areas, better location of new manufacturing plants —these are just a start at what may be done in geographical planning alone. They represent a truly engineering approach to the problems of society, in contrast with the tradition of exploitative individualism which rules at Washington. Mr. Roosevelt, like Mr. Pinchot, has not taken many steps along the path, but at least he talks sense because he looks in the direction in which society is bound to move, if it is not to continue hopelessly mired.

War Policies and Peace

A NOTABLE example of our national trick of facing both ways is afforded by the joint resolution of Congress creating a commission "to promote peace and to equalize the burdens and to minimize the profits of war." It is not surprising that the hearings have been concerned largely with the relation of government and industry in time of war, and that the official title of the body has come to be the War Policies Commission. There is, however, a point of view from which its activities may be serviceable in time of peace, and serve to fulfill the first purpose of its creation—to promote peace.

Much of the most important testimony before the Commission has dealt with the experiments and experiences of the War in the matter of nationally planned economy. At the close of the War there was a strong feeling that the direction and control which had been established of enterprises basic to the life and welfare of the people would not be entirely abandoned. The experiments undertaken under the stress of war seemed to have a meaning for times of peace, to point toward a permanent reorganization of national economy for the increase of efficiency in production and distribution, the elimination of waste, the equalization of risks and

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losses as well as opportunities and profits, in a society whose unity had been displayed in so striking a manner. "Reconstruction" was then a slogan. It was pointed out at the time that it was an error to scrap at a blow the machinery which had been set up in the course of a great experiment in social engineering, and to commit the future unreservedly to the individual agencies of our "high-spirited business men." The effects of that lack of forethought were felt in the depression of 1920-21. They are felt today.

The Commission has listened to many thousands of words setting forth various patterns of direction and control of production and distribution in time of war. It is equally desirable to put such measures into operation in time of peace. The value of cooperation between government and industry obviously depends on maintaining the latter in full health and vigor. The physical strength of the nation has been in its industrial capacity, and in the organization of industry to sustain human life at a high standard of efficiency. It might be supposed that the apostles of preparedness, as well as reformers and philanthropists, would look with misgiving on the appalling waste of man power involved in the present collapse. "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." She has also her defeats no less costly in pain and hardship, in loss of life and health to the people who must bear the burden. We have no means of knowing as yet what the actual casualties of the present depression will be, but they bid fair to exceed our losses in the War. Moreover, even in the event of recovery, it would be futile to deny that the position of American productive enterprise, in several directions, is threatened by competition with systems which have an initial superiority in the matter of organization. Dictatorship, whether its source be capitalistic or proletarian, possesses an advantage over democracy in that it can employ experts and conscript the people to obey their orders. To meet this challenge we must have a higher and more disinterested application of intelligence than our present economic system provides.

Mr. Baruch in his testimony before the Commission declared: "It is impracticable to maintain in peace any such powerful agency as is necessary in war to administer the gigantic effort of national economic mobilization." This may be literally true, but it is quite possible that such an agency, starting with more limited production to be increased as its operation proves beneficial, will greatly conduce to that national health which is the foundation of national strength.

It is almost unnecessary to mention certain specific reasons why, in the interest of the announced purpose of the Commission "to promote peace," its recommendations should not take the form of "war policies," to be administered by the Secretary of War. Such form suggests pointedly the political philosophy of Professor Treitschke to the effect that the state comes into its full being and the complete realization of its purpose only in war. Again, the United States has taken the lead in offering to the world an instrument solemnly renouncing war as a means of adjusting international difficulties. Surely it will be regarded as a lack of faith in the promise of other nations to us, and in our own to them, if we commit ourselves to so far-reaching and fundamental an act of preparedness for war as to plan the control of industry for war purposes only. It would be particularly inept within a year of the meeting of the International Conference on Disarmament to give to the world so plain a demonstration of our skepticism in regard to negotiated instruments of peace.

On the other hand, it cannot be doubted that a planned national economy tends to promote peace and to stabilize it. A century ago Richard Cobden and the Manchester School thought that they had found a solvent for war in free trade. It is true they did not foresee later economic developments such as the export of capital and the struggle for markets, which have proved fruitful occasions of war, but they were on the right track when they argued that the chief guarantee of peace was a concerted interest in prosperity as a condition in which the whole world should participate. More than ever it is clear today that no nation lives to itself alone, that if one member suffer, others suffer with it. National planning must take account of international relations. As The New Republic has said: "Its ultimate end is the utilization of the resources of the entire world in the most efficient manner." Rationalization of foreign trade, apportionment of raw materials, direction of capital investment in foreign countries, all are means to this end. As national planning develops in other countries, mutual arrangements will be easier to achieve. With this closer weaving of the economic fabric of human society, the relations of nations with one another will tend to become more stable, their interests more reciprocal, the dislocation of war more unthinkable. It is thus doubly unfortunate that any tentative efforts toward a nationally planned economy in the United States should bear the hallmark of war.

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Men Without Machines

I: *Mountain Village*

IN TEPOZTLAN one does not say "north" or "south" when giving directions, one says "up" or "down." This holds true for most of Mexico. It is a country set on edge, where straight lines and plane surfaces are virtually homeless. One goes up, in loops and zigzags, and one comes down. Topography is the despair of railroad and mining engineers. Topography, more than any other single factor, has saved large sections of Mexico from becoming Hispanicized, Westernized, mechanized or Americanized; saved it, by and large, from becoming anything but itself.

We loop up from Mexico City to the 10,000-foot pass which divides the central plateau from the valley to the south, the pass over which Mr. Dwight Morrow was wont to drive his car to his charming country seat in Cuernavaca. We loop down the southern wall to a tiny railroad station and disembark. We take a burro road which also twists downward but at a different angle, and come finally to a place where beetling cliffs wall us on every side. The burro trail proceeds, finding its way somehow between the precipices. We turn left on a footpath, soon to be lodged like ants in a perpendicular crevice which splits the eastern rock wall. Ladders help us from time to time. At 8,000 feet one's breath comes shorter than it should. We wriggle and crawl, and at last emerge on the little mesa which crowns one of the lower pinnacles of the cliff. The main mass still towers above us to the north.

We come out upon a tiny field of grass, a thatched hut where somebody has recently slept, a ruined pyramid which seems to grow from the living rock, and one of the fairest views which it has ever been given to mortal eyes to see. Before us lie a good many hundred square miles of Mexico; a great section of the land which mothered the Aztecs and taught them to build pyramids, weave cloth of humming birds' feathers and read the stars with almost Greenwich precision.

In this temple lived a god named Tepoztecatl. He was the presiding deity of *pulque,* a drink made from the milk of the *maguey,* or century plant, to which the Aztecs were much addicted, and which their descendants still drink in enormous quantities. It is about as intoxicating as strong beer. He was also the god of Tepoztlan, the patron and protector of the little town which lies below us, as the pavement of Fifth Avenue lies below the Empire State tower—except that it is a drop of 1,200 feet to Fifth Avenue, whereas it is almost twice as far to this red-roofed village. Looking down as from an airplane, we see the roofs as red pavements on the ground. The only structure which actually rises is a great white cathedral at the end of the green square which must mark the plaza.

About the town lie cornfields, with here and there a patch of vivid green which may mean an irrigation ditch and sugar cane. Near one of these green strips, a puff of smoke rises lazily, and two seconds later, a dull report. Another rises, and another. "A battle!" we cry. "Bandits; a revolution!" "No," says the friend who has brought us here. "Rockets. It's probably the beginning of a fiesta. They are always having one in Tepoztlan."

Directly opposite us, perhaps five miles away, the village fields terminate in another sheer rock wall, castellated and carved as though by human hands. To the west dreams Cuernavaca, twenty miles away, faint white towers in an opal haze, and beyond them the fields and mountains of the state of Morelos. To the east, the village lands dip to a throat between more fantastic, sculptured cliffs. We glimpse a long rolling plain below, and then, springing halfway to the zenith, the snowy masses of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, the Mountain-Who-Smokes and the White Woman. Hand in hand these great mountains rise, the one in his glittering cone like Fujiyama, the other a broader, serrated peak. Where their hands join in a lofty pass, Cortez caught his first glimpse of the city he had come to conquer.

We place a flagon of wine on the altar stone, and eat our lunch in the holy of holies. Tepoztecatl will not care, for Mexican gods are notoriously worldly. It would have been more courteous perhaps to have replaced the wine with *pulque,* but none of us can abide the milky brew with its abominable smell. No more rockets rise from the fields; the village looks infinitely peaceful sleeping in the sun; a little green shelf set in a mountain side. "How do you drive in to it?" we ask, perplexed, disclosing the naïveté of the newcomer. "You don't," our guide replies, "you walk, or go on horseback. Mostly, if you are Indian, you walk."

"But how does one get supplies?"

"They carry them on their backs, or on the backs of burros; chiefly on their own."

"And no wheel has ever turned on those streets?"

"Never. There are hundreds of villages in Mexico where no wheel has ever turned."

I toss the empty wine bottle to hear it crash in a gulch a thousand feet below, and ponder this remark. Indeed, questions have been growing ever since we set foot in Mexico. The buried cities with their white pyramids which we saw in the jungles

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of Yucatan; the spotless Maya Indians with faces like philosophers; the great calendar stones in the National Museum in Mexico City; Mexico City itself, part Seville, part Atlanta, part indigenous Indian, embroidered with billboards, electric lights, tabloids, Tom Thumb golf courses and taxicabs; the eye-shattering spirals by electric engine from Vera Cruz to the rim of the plateau 7,000 feet above; these great churches, monasteries, palaces, in the most dramatic and inaccessible places, decaying with such charm; and these massive temples of an earlier age which bid fair long to outlast them. . . .

In the country that I call home, the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, we have dignified and moderate mountains, not these fantastic crags. We have modern buildings, Victorian buildings and a few colonial buildings which we call "old." There the record stops. Here on the other hand are a few modern buildings in the cities; a vast architectural wealth of Spanish colonial structures, invariably in stone, not only in cities but on plain, hilltop, mountain side, already older than anything in my country; and underneath it all, solid and eternal, these pyramids and temples built a thousand, two thousand, unknown thousands of years before. There are far more ruins in Mexico than in all the Greek world: four thousand archeological sites have already been mapped.

At home we have Americans, Negroes and assorted immigrants, more or less naturalized. Here we have Indians, a reasonable number of *mestizos* —half and quarter breeds—most of them living like Indians, and a few whites in the cities. The Indians built the pyramids, the Indians built the churches and the palaces for their Spanish masters, the Indians and the *mestizos* do 95 percent of the nation's work today. This is their country; they have always lived in it; and, as the traveler looks about him, it is evident that they always propose to. In my nation, the Old World has wiped out the Indian and made a totally new culture. Here, despite onslaught after onslaught for four hundred years, the Indian has withstood the Old World. It has twisted him, changed him, but it has not broken him. Europe and Africa have taken over the land north of the Rio Grande. South of it the indigenous continent of North America still sturdily survives. Suddenly my heart warms to these Indians for the fight that they have made. Mailed chargers and gunpowder, money changers and Christian crosses, prime movers and high-pressure sales talk, have not prevailed against them.

This valley below us knew the peace of Porfirio Diaz, and the march of the gray-clad *rurales,* and anon, of all the valleys in Mexico, it flamed most violently when that peace was ruptured. Through it Zapata stormed, shouting, "Land for the landless!" Tepoztlan became a town of the dead, its citizens living in caves here in the cliffs, "coming down in the night to rob their own fruit trees." What is the meaning of that wild cry, and what sort of peace was that of Diaz, that it ended in such a holocaust? What do these people want? Only to be left alone? What has a roving American, watching a soaring *zopilote,* to learn from them; aye, what has America itself to learn from them, and what has it to give them? And why, in the face of this timeless pyramid, should we arrogate to ourselves the name "American" at all?

It is pleasant to lie here in the sun, to commune with gods and philosophize at random, but if we would sleep in a bed tonight we must somehow march on our own feet to Cuernavaca, and that is twenty and something miles away. We retreat gingerly down the crevice with its ladders, take the burro trail again, and drop, at say seventy degrees, to the foot of the cliff, a tiresome descent and very hot. We emerge, perspiring and thirsty, in a miniature garden of Eden. A stream of water gushes from the rock face, filling a masonry pool which proves to be the town water supply. Only by the most rigorous concentration on the sublimities of sanitation can we restrain ourselves from diving in. For a fellow citizen of Colonel Goethals to corrupt an Indian's drinking water would hardly do. So we drink, and wash circumspectly in the overflow. Above us are mulberry trees, *ahuehuetes,* bananas, and bushes with red coffee berries. It is divinely cool.

Refreshed, we follow the iron water pipe down to the town, a distance of only a few hundred yards. It has been said, and I think with some truth, that Mexico is sightly in the general, and messy in the particular; that it looks clean and tidy, but does not always survive a closer inspection—say the inquiring nose of a New England housewife. Or to put it another way: in Mexico, the community is always fair, while the individual may sometimes be dubious. In the United States, the individual is often clean, while the community—say the average Main Street—is a blistering eyesore. Mexico is easier on the eyes and harder on the nose.

Tepoztlan, then, is very good to look at. Here are some seven hundred houses—the total population is 4,000—arranged along little winding shaded streets, many of them bowered in flowers. Flowers are more important to Mexicans than are motor cars, radios and bathtubs combined to Americans. The houses are small and very simple as a rule. Their walls are of adobe brick, sometimes whitewashed; their roofs are of red tile or of thatch; they have no chimney, frequently no windows, no glass; very little woodwork. In the front yard stands the circular corncrib made of cornstalks or of plastered mud, precisely as it stood in the days of Montezuma; behind is often a vegetable garden. There may be a shed for horse, cow or burro, while turkeys, chickens and pigs wander introspectively over the available foreground. Dogs invariably take their siestas in the street—as why should they not? Wheeled vehicles are unknown.

We are beginning to meet people. They are stolid but polite. To each one of our party they

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give a "buenas tardes" and receive one in return. Our somewhat bizarre tramping costumes excite them not at all; the quiet children stare gravely, a woman looks curiously from a doorway. A little boy asks, "What pueblo do you come from?" We answer Mexico City, and he is filled with awe. What Spanish blood there is is admirably concealed; men, women and children look pure Indian, with beautiful bronzed skins, high cheek bones, black straight hair and a haunting touch of the Mongolian.

We turn a corner and advance upon the plaza. It is a little grass-covered park with flowers and shade trees and a small Victorian bandstand (doubtless erected in the days of the Diaz peace). About it are several two-story houses with wrought-iron balconies, belonging to *los correctos,* the quality of the town. Beside the plaza rises the great church, cream colored and streaked with gray and rose. Like many Mexican churches, it has two towers flanking the entrance doors of old carved wood, a long nave, terminating in a big dome which rises almost as high as the towers. The dome is tiled, and the towers are full of bells. In the courtyard stands a stone cross whose arms terminate in symbolic Aztec serpents.

I stayed in Tepoztlan but a short time in the spring of 1930. Some months later there came into my hands a book by Mr. Robert Redfield, an American ethnologist from the University of Chicago, who had remained there nearly a year studying every phase of the town's life. With this invaluable document, I was able to check my own impressions, and still better, to draw evidence for a more serious study in comparative civilizations. Robert Redfield's "Tepoztlan," laid upon Robert and Helen Lynd's "Middletown," provides as exciting a series of parallel columns as any sociologist could wish. One can compare item by item the work habits, play habits, religious habits; food, houses, clothing, education, social organization, of two communities, one north, the other south of the Rio Grande, but a whole world apart. The one is still following the leisurely pattern of the handicraft age, with many cultural traditions from the greatest indigenous civilization which the Western Hemisphere has produced; the other is firmly locked into the culture of the Machine Age, deriving most of its traditions and *mores* from the Eastern Hemisphere. The machine has entered Tepoztlan, but it is as yet the shyest of visitors. If it and its products were barred tomorrow, the white pajamas of the men would have to give way to native cloth woven from a local tree fiber (the old looms still survive). Otherwise the village life would proceed largely unimpaired.

Tepoztlan is far more American than Middletown, when all is said and done, but it is alien to everything we regard as typically "American." Nor does the irony end here. Middletown, you will remember, is the pen name for Muncie, Indiana. If there is an Indian in Muncie, Indiana, he belongs in a museum. Of the 40,000 people in the town, 99 percent are of European or African stock. It has been estimated, on the other hand, that no more than fifty Spaniards ever settled in Tepoztlan. After four hundred years this Hispanic strain will not amount to much. Ninety-nine percent of the southern community is Indian. Thus in race as well as in culture, Tepoztlan is almost pure American, while the northern community, in the state called Indiana, is an omelette of English, French, Poles, Italians, Czechs, Russians, Negroes, Germans, Irish, and heaven and the Bureau of the Census know how many other nationalities.

Of all the great tonnage of factory goods which Middletown produces, only a tiny fraction—perhaps one percent—is locally consumed. The rest takes rail and moves to the ends of the earth. The city grows a somewhat larger fraction, but still a negligible one, of its food supply. With its railroads and highways cut, Middletown would very shortly starve to death. It exists only as a cell in a vast interdependent industrial structure. About both towns stand fields of corn—that maize which the forebears of the Aztecs learned to domesticate. Middletown does not eat corn in any quantity, and most of its enveloping crop is used to fatten steers. But the cornfields of Tepoztlan take on a sacramental dignity. For centuries these *milpas* have been cultivated from father to son, and their sowing and harvesting are the outstanding ceremonies of the year. It is said that no Mexican revolution can survive the harvest season. The army deserts in a unit to tend its ancestral *milpas.* From this corn, and the squashes which grow between the furrows, the beans clambering on the cornstalks and the wild fruits in the hills, Tepoztlan can feed itself if it must.

The typical community in the United States is urban and industrialized; the typical community in Mexico is rural and lives from the soil and the forests. The gospel of Middletown is work, and the gospel of Tepoztlan is play—one day in three, the year around, the southern community is celebrating a major or minor fiesta. Yet for all their hard work, a fraction of the men of Middletown are constantly unemployed and bowed down with fear and worry. Unemployment is unheard of in Tepoztlan, and fear stalks only when earthquakes rumble or a Zapata comes riding over the mountains, federal troops at his heels.

Middletown is essentially practical, Tepoztlan essentially mystical in mental processes. Yet in coming to terms with one's environment, Tepoztlan has exhibited, I think, the superior common sense. Middletown has its due quota of neurotic and mentally unbalanced individuals. In Tepoztlan a Freudian complex is unthinkable. The men of the south are craftsmen—many students call them artists—they can put their hands to almost anything, fashion it, recreate it, repair it. Their popular arts, their weaving, pottery, glass work, bas-

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ketry, are as authentic and delightful as any the modern or the ancient world has seen.

I fear I am tipping the scales. In this dreamy haze amid snow-capped volcanoes, it is all too easy to become sentimental. Let us endeavor to right the balance. There is not a bathtub in Tepoztlan, or a telephone, or a radio (to the best of my knowledge), or a movie palace (but the village band boasts one saxophone), or a pair of silk stockings, or a refrigerator, or an electric light, or a spring bed, or a newspaper, or an overstuffed davenport, or a cocktail shaker, or a decent cup of coffee, or a baseball team, or a dance hall (they dance in the church), or running water from a tap, or a straight eight. Children do not sit in trees and establish records; nobody sends copy to confession magazines; to three districts in the town the postman never delivered a letter in the months of Mr. Redfield's residence. There are only two small schools, and the majority of the population is illiterate. All speak two languages, however, their own Aztec and Spanish.

There are thirteen native herb specialists and ten midwives, but not a doctor in the town. A lawyer would have nothing whatever to do. The people look healthy, but according to Ernest Gruening, commenting on Mexico generally, the question of public health has been seriously neglected. Particularly appalling is infant mortality. I suspect—Mr. Redfield does not help us here—that despite its neurotics and its industrial and automobile accidents, Middletown has a better health record than Tepoztlan. Certainly, in the matter of health and sanitation the pointer swings sharply to the north, and here we touch upon one of the harshest features of Mexican life. The weak die early. Only the strong survive.

There are other harsh features, as we shall see in due time. Nowhere in Europe, not even in Russia, have I seen a community so essentially foreign to the way of life in my own country. Yet we are both members of the same continent, a muddy river between us. Ordinarily I am proud of the nine generations of New England behind me, but I feel like the rawest immigrant compared to the little brown boy up there in the belfry, who, with all the gusto in the world, is tipping one of the great tower bells in full somersault to announce the hour of vespers.

STUART CHASE.

Pens and Pistols

The First Stage of the Spanish Revolution

WAS SPAIN'S sneeze on April 14, which shook its crown over the border, a convulsion of the head only? Is this paradox of a revolution, which was to have been plotted by the army, and then by the trade unions on strike, but wandered to the ballot box instead, a revolution at all? And if so, whose? After a month of the republic these questions are only beginning to be resolved by Spaniards themselves.

To one hurrying over the frontier in the days when aristocrats' effects (de luxe trunks and wicker hampers) still streaked north out of Irun, and ex-exiles in baggy trousers were hustling south to be Cabinet ministers, the hunt for visible revolution was like looking for a needle in a haystack of *tranquilidad.* Some blazon of Republican colors appeared on old posters near San Sebastian: Vote the Republican-Socialist bloc. Alongside remained the monarchist posters, undefaced. El Sol, La Libertad, El Socialista, the monarchist ABC—every paper gave one word as the news of the day—*tranquilidad.* Soldiers and priests dotted the landscape as of yore, with the uniforms of many kinds of police, especially those yellow-belted civic guards whose stubby carbines, revolvers and sabers were until a few days ago the sure reliance of the king. (Pardon, I mean *el señor Borbon;* it is now illegal to print *el rey.)* Granity Basque towns, the burned treeless spaces of Old Castile, Valladolid, Medina del Campo: none seemed very much changed by specks of Republican violet daubed on government tobacco shops or by railwaymen's red signal flags nailed up defiantly.

But where's this revolution? Madrid appears as a thing apart, unrelated to the older cities, modern, noisy rather than bustling, with automatic phones and a subway. It has a most un-European line of American skyscraperlets. You pass a vast characterless pile silent and shuttered, the ex-royal palace. A crown on the cornice is muffled in violet bunting and printed labels declare, "People, respect this edifice which is yours." Statues of the Spanish monarchs, running back to the fifth century, look less dignified with "R. I. P." painted on their backs. Most sculptured statesmen and generals wave red flags. A king on horseback is placarded, "People, this is a work of art. But there are some other statues you might remember." The bronze cross has been knocked from the hand of Isabella the Catholic. Some pedestals are empty, and smashed railings attest the violence with which horse and rider came down.

Of new names displayed everywhere there are two: Galan and Garcia Hernandez—the young officers executed last December after the Jaca rising. Almost as frequent is "Viva Franco!" the famous

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aviator who took part in the December movement. There are a hundred of these to one "Viva Zamora," the new President. Everywhere the "Marseillaise" is heard—whistled, sung, ground from phonographs and loudspeakers. The municipal band will shortly render it in the town hall for the first time in history. In a café at midnight a mechanical piano rolls through the "Internationale." A minute's rest, and we have it again, and again, till the small hours.

Puerta del Sol, the center which every Madrilene seems to visit at least once a day, seethes with people buying newspapers, especially new newspapers, Republican emblems, red liberty caps and caricatures of Alfonso with his suitcase. A marble-fronted bookshop displays handsome editions of Lenin, Trotsky and John Reed. Evening papers convey *tranquilidad,* provisional-government provisional decrees and details of bullfights. A headline is prominent: "We have the republic: now for the revolution!" Who's this Bolshevik? Not even a Socialist. It is the Minister of War, Señor Azana, who was a Republican journalist.

That Republican Spain has a revolution to make you hear echoed by government chiefs of every complexion. A social revolution to be made by "Right Republicans" (Zamora and Maura) who recently were monarchists and always are anxious about private property; by "Left Republicans," "radical socialists," etc.; the liberal herd, with six Cabinet places and tentative ideas about property; by the Socialist ministers, who recently were not formally Republican. Government unanimity is even more striking on the subject of *tranquilidad,* which gives you leisure to go hunting the men, or forces, that have done things so far.

Asking questions at the American embassy was like drawing blood from their white *boutonnières.* Gentlemen with an air of social schedules seriously thrown out said, "You see, we don't know these persons. Nobody knew them." Apparently some men turned Republican "out of pique. Weren't invited to the palace. Oh, yes, it was all most unexpected—most." As to American recognition, it was to be understood that discussions were proceeding about the "American" loan. By this was meant the Morgan credit of $60,000,000 to the dictatorship on March 28. It is probable that American recognition, had it come promptly, when France recognized, might have earned us some friends in a land where we had none. That $60,000,000 Morgan credit deserves an R. I. P. as an outstanding example of American financial statesmanship. Offered to the dictatorship a fortnight before the crash, it instantly was pilloried as an election issue. The new republic canceled the credit, courteously.

Asking questions of the makers of the revolution, there was one who could not be interviewed. Alfonso was house-hunting in foreign lands. The work with which he crowned his reign, the dictatorship, transformed the middle class into Republicans. His final touch was the bloodstain of Jaca. Not for nothing are the portraits of Galan and Garcia Hernandez the most displayed pictures in Spain. Not for nothing was the word whispered through Spain that the execution, so hasty (and on Sunday!), was by telephoned order of the King.

The preliminaries of Jaca began a year ago. Three ingredients had to be combined in the theory of those who wanted revolution: the army, the Republican parties and Socialist-Labor. Enough of the first ingredient was required to make certain that the army could not be "relied on" for use against the people. The second, representing the rather small middle class, constituted a scattering, running the gamut from professional or "palace" Republicans to "Lefts" deemed more Socialist than the Socialists. Doctors, journalists, teachers and students, lawyers and novelists, became a Republican force in Spain.

The third element was a Siamese twin, the trade unions and the Socialist party, both founded by the late Pablo Iglesias. Undoubtedly they are the big battalions of this revolution, with no very precise marching orders and their authority as revolutionary leaders still to be proved. Two of their stalwarts revolted against the Fabian gradualism of the party, Indalecio Prieto, of humble Basque origin, and the distinguished Andalusian professor, Fernando de los Rios, late lecturer at Columbia University. They, with Largo Caballero, soft-spoken master of the trade unions, made the move to join forces with the Republicans for revolution. By the pact of San Sebastian last August, a "provisional government" was put on paper, including the three Socialists (now Ministers of Finance, Justice and Labor), and a minimum Socialist program. There was to be a revolutionary general strike and seizure of public offices, but the signal for action was to come from the army.

What made April 14 a "model revolution" was the turn of luck. The confident government offered national elections, which the revolutionists boycotted. As a bait, municipal elections were offered, reasonably free, with glass ballot boxes, and orders to the old combination of *caciques* (bosses), local magistrates and church, to go easy. The Socialists, who had cleaned house after Jaca, with the Republicans, snatched at the elections. They might gain some local advantages.

The incalculable masses made Sunday, April 12, a national plebiscite. The first returns were frankly disbelieved by the Republican-Socialist leaders. Five-sixths of the municipalities had voted against the old order. "This country is republican and we had thought it was monarchist," was the naïve report to the King. In a land full of students of revolution, with such striking models to pick from as the organized violence of Lenin and the organized non-violence of Gandhi, they used that banal fogy the ballot box: a people who are dubbed 48-percent illiterate and "without political sense."

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The second sneeze of awakened Spain came within forty-eight hours; and you will no more find the prepared blueprint of it than of the first. Without general-strike orders, with untolled talk over the country's excellent (American) telephone system, centers everywhere filled with people. In Madrid Tuesday afternoon they clamored for hours before leaders came to take possession of government buildings. In Madrid there was, at noon, one definite pact—made with the provisional government, sitting in Maura's house, by the chief of the civic guards: he was not going to shoot. To him and to Alfonso all credit has been given for the decision "to avert civil war." In no country in the past century has there remained such a national tradition of savage street fighting, grim house-to-house massacre, as is commemorated in most cities of Spain.

Some key to those hours is given by the type of men who did the actual taking over. One might call them the journalist type, except that every Spaniard who has anything to say writes for the papers. They got out papers under the censorship with a skill at hinting which was as effective as the flat word. Many were Socialists, most were on the youngish side of middle age. They studied revolution as a practical business. "We considered assassination, carefully, and rejected it." They watched to catch the tide of events. Their lodgings became matters of mystery and change; plans were nursed in rooms with quiet back exits. By last autumn the pens in their pockets were joined by pistols. Martial law became chronic, in pursuit of them, and the word among them was, should a general round-up be ordered, to shoot the police as they came. They harried the clouds of police. The car of the King-Dictator himself was stopped. "It's the King," yelled the chauffeur. "We must see," said the bayonets. From the limousine came the blast of a well known profanity. "Pass, your Majesty, we recognize you."

The most alert leaders were caught off their feet by the mass movement that Tuesday. What fetched them out? *"Quien sabe?* The rumor that *he* was going." The streets filled, messages flew to leaders that people were "waiting" before government offices.

A leader of the type is Quintanilla, noted artist, in whose studio Largo Caballero had lain hidden. He is slim and vivid, both a man of the world and a disciple of Unamuno. "We knew at nine that morning that Eibar had proclaimed the republic." Eibar is a small Socialist town in the Basque mountains, not far from Jaca. Other messages from other towns said they were going to move, asked of the rumors of Barcelona, and was Madrid going to fall down again or lead?

When Republican flags broke out over Madrid, Quintanilla, another artist and a doctor started for the town hall where they had been told there was a mob. They put red brassards on their arms. They were cheered as they made for the doors. "Inside was panic. Officials stuttered—what were they to do? We were polite and suggested they might move—out. At least they would now have to move over to the opposition. The flag was run up. But the crowd was unsatisfied. They shouted, 'To the Captain-General.' We went there. The guards looking ugly as ever came at us: what did we want? To put up the flag. They saluted, 'At your service.' When the crowd saw the flag flying they cheered the guards." (The guards, who had used their rifles the night before on a Madrid throng.) "We were told a crowd was waiting at the royal palace. . . . We went to the courtyard. The cavalry came trotting at us, looking as cold black as usual. Their officer saluted, 'At your service; what do you want us to do?' We were polite. I suggested the best service he could render was to go. He gave the order and they clattered off in column, with him holding his hat in extraordinary salute. Everybody was satisfied then. They simply rejoiced." (Later that same evening the mass was not so satisfied; they banged at the gates and wanted to smash things. Red-brassarded comrades kept them off: "He *has* gone." He had.)

"We went back," says Quintanilla, "thinking, *now* it will be civil war." They looked at the pistols. They answered phones. From everywhere in Spain came the word—republic declared. They, the bold ones, had done what almost everyone was doing. Some of them stayed in the offices and tried to get on with it. "Now, more's the pity, it's done: there's nothing left but to work."

To work a social revolution, in *tranquilidad*. The men of April 14 (the ambassador leaving for Mexico still can't rid his hair of the dye which saved him from the police) are in command, calm, confident. It's more than a little bit unreal. This assertive *tranquilidad,* so suspiciously like leaders' efforts to apply the brakes, is it instead the instinct of this people? Revolution by vote—not an accident, but the Spanish way? In the square of a provincial capital I chuckle recalling the remark of an English resident: "Discipline the Spanish? Why, even the dictatorship couldn't teach them to form queues, for trams, theatres and such." The square is alive with people at the great hour of the day, the arrival of the papers from Madrid. As each truck halts there is a mad scramble. Queues leap into being, like football line-ups, stretching far down the street. Papers are exhausted: men and women are off on foot races to form other queues. What a genius for order. It takes me an hour to collar a paper: "Dead and dying in Madrid. . . . Royalists mobbed, cars burned. . . . ABC office a battleground. . . . Populace burns seven convents in Madrid. . . . Convents fired in numerous other cities. . . . Primate in flight.

What price *tranquilidad?* This sounds like another story. In fact, the events of May 10-11, with which I shall deal in another article, proved to be of the same order of importance as those of April 12-14. HEBER BLANKENHORN.

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Baccalaureate

MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS: You are now about to be graduated from this institution and, in accordance with academic custom, it is considered desirable that you should hear a baccalaureate address. Like most academic customs, this is a meaningless one; the words you are about to hear will have no more value than any other piece of advice, which is to say practically none at all. Some of you are not listening, and of those who are, only a minority will remember what they hear; and of that minority a small fraction is perhaps capable of acting upon counsel—the same small fraction which, because of innate intelligence, needs guidance least of all. However, wise men yield to foolish customs to avoid the wear and tear of combat; and so we shall go through with the ceremony.

As I look upon the fresh young faces before me this beautiful Sunday morning—faces so many of which plainly reveal that you stayed up most of last night drinking or necking or both—I am moved to consider why you ever came to this institution in the first place. With many of you, no doubt, the motive was primarily economic; you or your parents have read the highly dubious statistics about the increased earning power of individuals who have passed through institutions such as this, and have resolved to get in on the good pickings. With many others, it was either static or dynamic social snobbery. If you belong to a family which has already arrived, one or more generations ago, you come here as part of a family or class tradition, because it is the right thing to do. If your family is on the make, you come here because you believe by so doing you can drag yourself, and to a smaller extent the rest of your clan, a few rungs up the ladder. You can also, in the jargon of America today, "contact" a lot of the right people, who will be useful to you both socially and in a business way the rest of your lives. As alumni, you will be in a preferred position to get tickets for the great arena contests which so strikingly parallel the sports of the Roman coliseum—though these enterprises today seem stricken with a malady which many of us hope may prove fatal. And then, of course, some of you were sent here by your parents to get you out of the house, or because you were too lazy to go to work; while a not inconsiderable number are frightened of life and have postponed by the handiest means the moment when you must face its so-called realities. And a very few are scholars born, and Heaven help you!

Some sixteen years ago, on the average, each of you entered a school for the first time. Most if not all of you were at that time instinctive poets, artists, musicians and dancers, whose spontaneous free activity was in freshness, originality and individuality well above the level of professional work by adults in the same field. You were endowed with a lively intellectual curiosity which ranged over every field and caused you to love learning for its own sake. You will be reassured to know that successive teachers, mostly weary underpaid virgins whose celibacy moves rapidly toward neurosis, have knocked all that nonsense out of you. They have substituted for your natural grace the awkward self-consciousness which is redoubled at the point where Puritanism and the Anglo-Saxon are crossed. They have made the creative arts, which ought to be the best fun in the world, a meager and hasty lesson to be learned, a task for a given moment of a given day, whatever your individual mood. They have selected a small lot of mostly second-rate masterpieces from literature (chosen primarily because of their freedom from sex embarrassments) and by dissecting out the hidden skeletons of author's purpose and of syntax, have successfully locked the doors of the world's libraries against most of you forever.

This process had been pretty well completed before you entered the portals of this institution; but in so far as was necessary, we have here finished the job. We have made it your ideal, not to find things out, but to get through. When a certain "professor" wanted meaningless repetition by rote of his words or those of the book, you have given him that. When another, probably somewhat younger, and with nonacademic ambitions of his own, seemed to require a little more aloofness, a slightly original line of thought, you have dutifully cooked up some of that (often by conference among yourselves) and supplied it. We have, with your connivance, managed to fill up every moment of your time either with routine work in the classroom or with the equally routine extra-curricular activities of undergraduate athletics, journalism, social life and other matters which, with the proper collegiate coyness, I shall merely describe as "less savory."

You are now being graduated with a label of education which in the case of nearly every one of you is a grotesque misfit. After your years in these academic shades, your favorite periodical is The Saturday Evening Post, your best liked author is whoever wrote the current success in the bookstores, your favorite melody is "The Indian Love Call." You have studied several foreign languages, not one of which you are able to read or speak, and the chances are overwhelming that you will never again open a book written in one of them, or attempt to utter more than one or two halting

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sentences while making one of your conducted tours through the duller parts of Europe. Your study of economics has not ruffled a hair of the sleekness you will display as a member of the Chamber of Commerce, the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, and one of the Red-hunting societies of Professional Patriots. You will support by your indifference, if not more directly, the municipal corruption in your community from which you and your friends among the business men in all probability will derive substantial profit. Your courses in science will boil down to an ability to identify the odor of sulphuretted hydrogen. The chances are strongly against your ever opening a serious book again if it makes any taxing demand upon attention and memory. Your recreations will infallibly come down to four: the movies, bridge, golf and driving your car along congested highways on Sunday afternoons.

You are in one way distinguished among graduating classes: you are being turned out into the world at a dramatic moment in its history. Never before has there been such universal uncertainty about the future, such widespread fear that perhaps the fabric of Western civilization is breaking down and is past any repair. Almost one-tenth of the world's people now live under a completely new and different organization of society, one highly socialized, based upon an entirely different set of ideas and ideals from our own and constituting a drastic challenge to us. By way of preparing you for this situation we have carefully taught you as little as possible about this new system, either in its theory or its application. We have, of course, permitted you to pick up as much or as little as you choose of the current stereotyped notions about the new system, notions based upon ignorance and prejudice, notions the more important of which are mutually incompatible. For the rest, if your lack of knowledge of the problems by which you and the rest of mankind are confronted is not complete, this is through inadvertence on our part and not design. We have been subjected, and have in turn subjected you, to a whole series of inhibitions, the inhibitions imposed by your parents, by the trustees of this institution, by the "public opinion of the better elements of the community," by our own education, which was certainly not superior to yours. If any of you are able to think straight and act upon your thoughts, that fact is a tribute to the indomitable power of the human mind to survive even the worst of miseducations. Go forth, and conquer the world!

BRUCE BLIVEN.

POEMS BY CHILDREN

(The following poems by very young children were written down by teachers and parents exactly as they were uttered. The titles were supplied by adults.)

The Critic

I don't like the Indian stories,
They don't smell good.
I like the lady stories,
They do smell good.

BETTY, aged three.

To an Earthworm

Which is your little
Wormy face,
And which is your little
Wormy tail?

NANNCE, three and a half.

To a Dead Fly

Oh little fly
Did somebody smat you?
And now your entirely-killed-ness
Has been the death of you,
Poor little fly
With only glue food—
Who smatted you?

NANNCE, less than four.

Music

Music makes me write—
It tells me to.
Some music is bended and patting,
And sorry for spanked children;
And some is awful,
Made with elbows and not fingers.
It tells dogs to bite,
And children to tear up books.
But the other ones are beautiful
As floating to the mountain
In the Ark of Noah.
A large one tells me to write this.
Its beginning is strong,

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And makes the Noah's Ark float;
And its ending is love,
Near Mother.

NANNCE, less than four.

Philosophy

Do you know that the light
Is brightest at the top of the stairs?
Dark is the place down.
Stairs are always going up.
Downstairs is the wrong way.
Light is large at the top.

NANNCE, less than four.

Friends

I'm friendly with a bug.
I would not like to be a bug,
Though bugs can go anywhere
On the whole earth ball,
Swifting in sudden paths.
I'm glad I'm a child
With fingers that can feel
Magnolia blossoms.
But I'm friendly with the bug.

NANNCE, four.

Shadow

There were big pieces of darkness
And I thought they were animals.

PHILIP, four.

Shower

The rain on the roof
Sounded like little birds running.

THOMAS, four.

Sun

It shoots in the house,
And that's the sun.
It goes boom in the yard.
It's bursting through the crack. . . .
Look, it's on your pin.
The sun's come;
The cloud went away.
Why can't you touch the sun?
(as he touches its reflection)
Maybe because it's a fire ball.

TERENCE, four.

Cow

I saw a cow make milk once,
Into a pail.
How can he?
Has he got a hole in him?
Oh no, that would kill him.
I know.
He opens a hole, and then he shuts it,
And then he walks off
And then they put it in a bottle,
Put a cap on it. . .
And then a little tiny baby
Giggled and said,
"The cow gave me this milk."

TERENCE, four.

Generous Garden

That little tree
With a tiny low fence around it,
In a beautiful little garden.
She is a generous woman—
She made a garden,
And put a tiny pine tree
In its center.
I have little trees,
But behind my eyes
I have flowers, too—
Rugs and rugs of them;
And earth is the floor,
As far, as far
As I make thinking go.
But she is a generous woman,
And put her little tree
Out in the garden
For me to see.

NANNCE, four and a half.

Wedding Song

(From a play)

Now make ready for the preparations
Put flowers in bowls
Make wreaths of ribbons! make wreaths of roses!
Have the whole city decorated!
Take roses and sprinkle them around the Princess and the Prince, the King and the Angel.
Make chains of roses and daisy chains, and trail vines along the trees to make a passage down to the church.

ALICE, seven.

Cook's Song

(From a play)

Bring in the ice cream and candies!
Bring in all sorts of puddings and things to drink
And all sorts of pastry and meat and vegetables and ice water
And water-ices and jellies, pies and wedding cake
And everything to eat you can think of!
All sorts of fruit in baskets! Everything you can think of!
(All sit down to eat. They eat a lovely meal.)

ALICE, seven.

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Belasco

THE THEATRICAL trick, the contagious presentation of the matter to be shown, is more or less the same in all epochs. One epoch plays up the stylish, one the emotional, another the intellectual problem, another social seriousness, another sexual audacity, and so on and so on; but in all epochs and all theatrical talents this instinct for persuasion, magnetism, diversities in glamor, whether low or superb, persists and is the basic element. It was this that in Belasco rose to such remarkable heights. His theatrical gift, purely as such, was easily the most remarkable in the present generation. And he held for the two preceding generations the same position. In our whole theatrical history no one has ever produced for so many years so great a number and variety of plays so expertly and with so consistently a theatrical attack. From the sentiment of "The Return of Peter Grimm" to the Parisian hokum and glitter of "Du Barry," from the secure pathos of "Madame Butterfly" to the sly, low, entertaining skit of "The Bachelor Father" and the even more shameless "Ladies of the Evening," his productions ranged through many seasons and mounted into lists that covered many pages. Some of the plays he wrote himself, some he adapted. In most of them he took a hand as co-author or managing producer or retoucher, sometimes to the dramatist's despair, no doubt, but often to his business advantage, sometimes to the play's greater effectiveness, sometimes to its degradation.

As a whole, as something taken seriously by the largest number of people of the sort one could take seriously, Belasco's position was doubtless at its zenith through the nineties and on into the early nineteen hundreds. As time went on he kept a secure public, but one that was less and less notable. The newer gods in dramas, in actors, in production, in criticism, were not in his direction; and some of the shine and *réclame* of his position faded away from him. As time went on, too, it became distinguished to flout him and his achievements. Critics showed their sophistication by pointing out the tosh and hokum of his stuff. Often in doing so they themselves rose into the public notice by a certain intellectual hokum; for a chambermaid would have known that this business of Belasco's was all a game, and that Mrs. Carter raving in "Du Barry" was not the greatest art, not a participant in the high seriousness that, from Aristotle down almost to the chambermaid, has been set up by everyone as a sign of eminence.

This attack on Belasco and depreciation of his efforts and pretensions would naturally spread into the theatres themselves. Rivals both spiritually and on lower planes would appear. It was finally discovered in many quarters that this once trumpeted David Belasco was completely negligible, an old circus fakir. Directors who could not teach their companies anything at least knew how to despise him. Actors who were flatter than mud spurned his hollow stage tricks and went in for sincerities of their own. That all this should happen was to be expected.

A good deal of this depreciation of Belasco was obviously deserved. It goes without saying that he had no supreme gift of any sort. As a showman he had an eye for effective plays and effective moments and scenes. In his time he made laborious, ceaseless and often successful experiments in lighting and stage mechanics, but the results were never profoundly important. His taste was uncertain, though luxurious and enthusiastic. As to the acting, the play, and their relation to sincerity of purpose and artistic aim, he stood on no high, impressive plane. In various directions, the intellectual content, for example, or purity of quality or sincerity of purpose, he was surpassed at various times by various producers, authors, designers, actors. But though our theatre has often surpassed him in these various excellences, he held his own nevertheless. We have had numerous deep and serious and sometimes successful attempts. But there has been no manager, organization or acting company so complete, profound and sincere that Belasco by comparison can be set so easily aside. He himself learned what he could from these others, for his ear was always to the ground, his eye on the theatrical chance. What he did not learn it was not in his nature to learn; his congenital limitations shut him off. But there is not one of them, these producers, organizations, acting companies, who could not have learned a great deal from him. He could up to the day of his death at 76 have given points to the whole New York stage. His instinct, aim and almost monastic concentration and concern were toward what is at least theatrical. And now that so much of our theatre is so flat, tamely personal and tiresome to everybody, we can stop and think how much this tendency, labor and gift of Belasco's could do toward putting at least an edge on things, picking them up, cursing or blessing them, as the case might be, with a certain glare, glitter or glamor which, whatever else happened, might enliven their quality and presentation.

Belasco's impresario, circus, prima-donna, stellar tastes were in part inherited from his generation, the time of Barnum, Patti, Roosevelt, Sarah Bernhardt. These tastes of Belasco's went out of fashion, of course; but in a way they still worked even up to the last, for a certain rumor went up around his productions and a certain constancy was in his public. The degree of falseness that was in his publicity, public appearances and general claims and methods, recoiled in time against him, as it has done for many another, and as it is doing now for some of the groups and individuals in our theatre. But the whole question of sincerity is a perilous debate—nobody, not even the ladies themselves, knows exactly when one lady is using her ankle and one her intellectual gifts as pure coquetry. One kind of sincerity Belasco above all things possessed,

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and that was theatrical sincerity. He saw everything in a theatrical light. I do not mean seeing it as it would look in the theatre; I mean rather seeing theatre everywhere and in everything. The setting he gave himself there in the studio at the top of his theatre, the furniture and souvenirs of Catherine de Medici or Napoleon or Washington, the brocades, the magnificent collection of foolsticks that belonged to jesters once in authentic and famous courts, the romantic soft lighting, the atmosphere of the private and special, of the approach to the master, was all in its way quite sincere. If it was supposed to impress the visitor, it also impressed the host. If he was acting and faking all the time, it was at least the only way he himself could see. Belasco could not tell you any section of his own history, or narrate any maneuver with the law, the press, the world in general, or describe any joy or loss, even the great sorrow of his daughter's death, as pitiful and tragic a death as could be, or discuss any matter for pride, anxiety or caution, without casting it all in dramatic terms. Without footlights, in sum, without footlights he was blind; and he trembled all through his being with a thousand echoes, despairing silence and warm applauding hands invisibly awaited. And this, in the theatrical faculty, is a kind of genius.

This whole vision of himself, Belasco the master, the showman, the hidden artificer and crafty magician and box-office schemer, moved off also into courage and into a great generosity and kindness, where he was generous or kind. And he had a sort of improvising, warm power as he went along with you, curious, acquisitive and sly, but delighting in the exercise of these traits no more than in the exercise of goodness and personal loyalty. Every part of him shared in that greedy and exhibitionistic something that is a portion of the true theatre temperament. But on the side of his virtues, this served only to heighten a strong capacity for gratitude that he had, a liberal appreciation of another's merit, a kind of sensuous gentleness, and, in money and sympathy, a secret, religious charity that was a great part of his private drama.

STARK YOUNG.

Tenement Night

Dense and oppressive, night and the heat
Flood the strewn channel of the street.

From broken steps and doorways, stark
White faces glimmer through the dark,

And moldering walls and timbers loose
Old mingled memories of their use.

What day held rigid and aligned
Blurs in the evening of the mind.

Life hangs close-furled upon its stem this hour—
The splendid, hideous, savage, useless flower!

H. BONER.

Washington Notes

The Democratic Campaign—Letting Things Ride —The Hawley-Smoot Tariff—Contributing to the Chaos

WITH THEIR outlook for 1932 heavily freighted with promise, it is an exceedingly fortunate thing for the Democrats that economic conditions and the general dislocation of the times constitute so overwhelming a political asset as to make the party's unity of thought on issues relatively unimportant. The Democrats are united in the conviction that Mr. Hoover is a dreadful flop as an executive and leader, that nothing he has done has been right, that there have been a great many things he should have done which he has failed to do, and that if the nation is to be saved, it is essential to kick him and his party out and put the Democrats in.

Otherwise they have no program, not even the semblance of a program—but then, looking at things from the purely practical political angle, as I so often do, why should they? If they are successful in the campaign next year—and the chances at this time seem strongly in their favor—it will not be due to their platform or even to the candidate they offer. It will be wholly and entirely due to the resentment of the voters toward the Hoover administration.

Nevertheless, the degree to which Democratic leaders lack definite notions as to what to do about national problems, if and when the responsibility for doing something is placed upon them, is interesting and at times absurd. Their spokesmen spout a lot of glittering generalities about putting business on its feet, restoring prosperity and wiping out unemployment, relieving the stricken farmer and scientifically revising the tariff so as to open the door to world trade, but when you strip away the oratorical trimmings, there is practically no meat left. On prohibition, power, taxation, agriculture, railroads and everything else they are as hopelessly divided as the Republicans—unable to take advantage in the next session, as they were in the last, of the cleavage in and the incompetency of the majority party.

Nor is any exception to be made of the tariff. It was on the question of the tariff that the two great parties traditionally divided. They do so no longer. In the 1928 campaign there was no appreciable difference between the Republican and the Democratic platform on this subject. The Hawley-Smoot tariff law could not have been passed had it not been for the votes of five Democratic Senators, and a great many more Democratic Senators voted with the Republicans for the highest rates on many different schedules. It is true that the Democrats denounce the law and will denounce it in their platform—and they have a right to denounce it despite their aid in passing it. It is a bad bill, tremendously unpopular, and assailed now by some of the most respectable and powerful Republicans in the country, men who formerly defended the high-protection principle as the foundation stone of our prosperity.

Sentiment throughout the country, promoted by the Democratic and progressive propaganda as well as by the intrinsic iniquity of the tariff itself, is overwhelmingly against it. It is a millstone around Mr. Hoover's neck, for

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his approval of the bill will always be held by those who know most about it as the most indefensible action of his presidential career.

Under these circumstances the Democrats are certainly in a position to be unified in an assault against the present tariff. But, and this is the significant thing, their assault will be general, not specific. As a party they will do nothing about it and will attempt to do nothing about it at the next session of Congress, regardless of whether they organize the House of Representatives or not. The reason is that on this subject they lack not only unity of thought but unity of desire. There are few Democratic leaders in the House and Senate, or outside for that matter, who cherish clear-cut convictions about the tariff. The most notable among those who do is Senator-elect Cordell Hull of Tennessee, who not only has convictions on the subject, but has more knowledge about it than any other Democrat of whom I can now think. Senator Hull espouses the traditional Democratic doctrine of a tariff for revenue only. From this principle he has never wavered and no one was more distressed than he when under Smith's leadership the party departed from this historic doctrine in 1928. He is fighting now for an abandonment of the semi-Republican attitude taken by the Democrats in that year and a return to "fundamental Democratic principles" in 1932.

He seems to be pretty much alone in this effort, though he is getting an extraordinary lot of favorable publicity and is making what he thinks is "progress." Of course he is wholly out of harmony with the Raskob school of economic thought and with the Eastern Democratic leaders generally. These groups are ready enough to agree on the wickedness of the Hawley-Smoot bill, but they by no means want to return to the former Democratic tariff position. The fact is that their attitude, despite their denunciation of the present law, does not greatly differ from the Republican attitude, which fact is being regularly, frequently and annoyingly pointed out by Senator Hull.

Of course, the basic truth about this tariff business is that the Democratic representatives in House and Senate are just as susceptible to the powers that work for high-tariff schedules as the Republicans are. The point I want to make in all this is that the Democrats at the next session of Congress will make no genuine attempt to revise the tariff downward. They may go through the gestures, but they will be hollow and insincere. The reasons for this are plain. For one thing, it is obviously to the Democratic advantage to do nothing to ameliorate the situation now existing. There is hardly anyone here in Washington capable of grasping the obvious facts who does not realize that the first time the Democrats in House and Senate get together in a legislative caucus the exhibition of divergent opinion will be supremely ridiculous. Even the "corps of correspondents" appreciate that. The very first time they try to get together on a congressional legislative program they will split into not less than thirty-seven distinct pieces—and everybody knows it.

What I am feebly trying to say is that the Democratic party in the next session of Congress can be expected to attack and criticize, but they will do nothing of a constructive nature—particularly nothing of a constructive nature on the tariff. So far as the next session is concerned, they will merely contribute to the chaos. They will not get behind the program of the progressives, which, though it is perhaps not practical in all respects, is at least reasonably concrete. They will be as vague in their promises as to what they will do after the 1932 election as they are in their performances before.

If, as a result of the presidential campaign of next year, the Democrats are in position to undertake a general revision downward of the tariff, the chances that we shall have a general revision downward will be pretty poor. The plain truth is that if ever the Democratic party again tackles the tariff question with a majority in both branches of Congress and a President in the White House, unless the "set-up" is ideal, the spectacle is likely to be as unedifying and unsatisfactory as that furnished by the Republican party last year. However and notwithstanding, I hereby repeat that unless their luck badly breaks so far as the 1932 campaign is concerned, the Democrats can be as futile as they please about the tariff in the next session, and as vague as they like in their platform next year, and as abstract and general and evasive as they please about a lot of other subjects, including prohibition, and still the odds will be heavily with them. The anti-administration vote will not bother about particulars.

Washington. T. R. B.

Summer Musical Shows

THE SUMMER revues so far have been good. "Billy Rose's Crazy Quilt" has Phil Baker, Ted Healy and Fannie Brice. It is mostly more or less low comedy, with some dancing by Gomez and Winona. Fannie Brice is really too limited to carry a whole show, and it seems to me that she has lately become more refined and that this hasn't improved her; but she is always worth seeing. In "Crazy Quilt," she impersonates "Peter Pan" and revives her Floradora-sextette song.

"The Band Wagon" is better. The humor of George Kaufman and Howard Dietz has a pretty hard and heavy touch. Where Wodehouse and Noel Coward succeed so brilliantly in writing lyrics and skits for musical shows is where Kaufman and Dietz fail. Though the ideas in "The Band Wagon" sketches are sometimes good, they are usually worked out rather mechanically and boringly. There is one about a lady trying to buy bathroom fixtures in a de luxe bathroom-fixtures store, which is in spots extremely funny, but goes on and on too long and doesn't come to any climax; and there are others about an old Southern gentleman who despairs of the family honor when he finds out that his daughter is a virgin, and about a college examination conducted like a football game where the idea is discouraging from the beginning and where nothing is done to make it go down more easily. There is an amusing lecture, however, on a chart of the economic depression which turns into a travelogue of a mountain-climbing expedition—also a good burlesque by Helen Broderick of the Marilyn Miller type of musical-comedy star. There are the Astaires, too, and the lovely Tilly Losch, and it is always fun to watch a revolving stage.

The best of the new revues is "The Third Little Show,"

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which has the charm, wit and taste of the first one and seems to me much better than the second—I'm not sure it isn't the best of them all. Constance Carpenter and Gertrude McDonald are exceptionally pretty and agreeable singing and dancing girls. The latter has a very amusing modernistic ballet number with Carl Randall called "Le Five O'Clock": while a chorus in blue dominoes as in Stravinsky's "Oedipus" stand at the side of the stage and ominously chant the argument, the lovers perform the evolutions of a calisthenic love affair which recalls some of the more advanced numbers given by the Dance Guild at their Sunday-evening recitals.

Beatrice Lillie has at least one good sketch by Noel Coward about English women visiting Montmartre and another good one about coming in late and annoying people at the theatre, and she sings "There Are Fairies at the Bottom of My Garden." But too much of Beatrice Lillie is tiresome, and in these shows where she is the principal feature, there is always a little too much of her. She is really much better when she not only has her material written for her by Noel Coward but also has him to act with. There is not quite enough of her alone. Her art has something of the meagerness and stiffness of the characters she portrays. When she burlesques Ruth Draper in her monologue of "A Railroad Station on the Western Plains," she is, to be sure, attacking Ruth Draper on her deficient side: it is true that certain roles that demand warmth let Miss Draper down into sentimentality. But I don't know that Beatrice Lillie is precisely the person to caricature her. The effect of her impersonation on me was only to make me feel that of these two women who are in some ways rather similar, Ruth Draper had a positively Shakespearean richness, variety and passion compared to Beatrice Lillie. I am sure Ruth Draper could do more with her than she can with Ruth Draper.

A welcome arrival in the field of revue writing is the demon cuckoo humorist of Judge, S. J. Perelman. His stuff comes out extremely well on the stage. In "His Wedding Night," there is a wonderful mixed-up set of the great hall in an English country-house with no fireplace but a pair of andirons larger than the people. A hunting horn is heard and Lord Philbert appears in a red coat and fires off a gun which discharges silently an enormous amount of smoke. Things go from bad to worse—presently it turns out that Lord Philbert is an old Southern colonel who says, "Never mind about the slaves! We only use them in wet weather, anyway," and drinks a julep fastened to a tray. My only objection to this sketch is that Lord Philbert is finally made to wake up and find out that it was all only a dream. Why not have him do this, but then have something even more outrageous happen?

The Civic Light Opera Company is doing pretty well with the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. They have now put on "The Gondoliers," which is less often heard than the others. The story itself has somewhat less variety and invention than Gilbert at his best—his formulas have come to seem a little stereotyped. But the lyrics are excellent, and Sullivan's score has some of his most charming music: "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes" and the gavotte in the last act are as good as anything of the kind in the operas. William Danforth as the Grand Inquisitor and Frank Moulan as the Duke of Plaza-Toro are remarkably good with Gilbert's lyrics. The whole production is a little lacking in spirit: it doesn't precisely sparkle, as Gilbert and Sullivan ought to do. But nobody is doing much sparkling these days—with the possible exception of "The Third Little Show," and even that has its sour moments of forced humor and bad taste—such as the "Little Caesar" burlesque of the type of the worst numbers in "The New Yorkers." E. W.

A COMMUNICATION

Reason, Nature and Professor Dewey

SIR: Professor Dewey's review of "Reason and Nature," in The New Republic of April 29, is on the whole so highly generous that it may seem ungracious for me to express anything but gratitude. And yet—if my account of scientific methods is worthy of such praise, its philosophic basis cannot be unworthy of defense against serious misapprehensions.

1. Professor Dewey charges me with failure to define philosophic issues clearly. Now, as I have in the main dealt with such issues not directly but only as they are involved in the actual methods of the sciences, it is *a priori* altogether probable that I have expressed myself inadequately in a number of places. But all that Professor Dewey says in support of his contention seems to indicate that he finds my philosophy blurred because he does not consider my problems in my own terms and assumptions, but states them in his own (from my point of view essentially obscure) concepts and theories of experience and nature. This is very much like charging Einstein with the obscurity which follows from stating his views in terms of the traditional physics. Thus, when Professor Dewey charges me with holding and failing to support the doctrine that "reason is something over and beyond experience," I cannot admit that any view of mine is thus justly characterized, and I can only suspect that his difficulty is due to the fact that he uses the word experience in an all-inclusive sense, while I restrict it to events in personal biographies. In any case, if experience, whatever it may be, follows scientific method, it must (as I try to show) assume laws or invariant relations in nature. If reason denotes this systematic phase of nature, then we must, unless we arrogate to ourselves divine omnipresence and omniscience, regard it as often beyond what we have actually attained in our personal experience and knowledge. For obviously no finite number of past physical experiments can by themselves prove a genuine universal for all possible cases. If, on the other hand, *reason* denotes the process of reasoning (and I have taken the trouble to make the context clearly indicate which meaning of the word is intended), I explicitly contend that not only is such reason itself an experience, but that in general we ought to have more of it.

The differences between Professor Dewey and myself are not merely personal, but are indicative of two historically different approaches to philosophy. While to me the basic problems are ontologic, i. e., concerning the nature of things, Professor Dewey is primarily interested in the human world and in the psychologic growth of our ideas about things.

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Thus he speaks of "nature distilled through the alembic of science and logic," where I should rather say that this holds only of our idea of nature but not of the nature that existed before our birth and before our acquisition of any experience and knowledge. For I cannot believe that science creates the sun when it discovers its chemical composition.

The Lockian tradition, reënforced by Kant, has made it fashionable to hold that we can approach nature only after a prior study of our ideas. For reasons often indicated in my book, I cannot agree to this. I rather hold with the pre-Lockian Spinoza and the post-Kantian Hegel that a scientific study of mind is impossible without previous knowledge of nature, that psychology presupposes physics and physiology. This does not deny the value of psychologic contributions to philosophy. Hume, James and Dewey seem to me to have displayed real genius in this field. But their subject matter is essentially more complicated than physics and their insights are always difficult of direct verification. I often feel that they are right, but can see no scientific proof of it. For this reason they have offered little toward a scientific philosophy of nature. The more fruitful path has in fact been the one opened by the pre-Socratic philosophers and followed by modern natural science. None but an obscurantist would deny the necessity of going on to a scientific psychology. But psychology is arrogant if it claims to be the only possible philosophic method or thinks it can dispense with objective logic.

In any case, if we believe that sciences like physics and biology give us truth, then a philosophy of nature must be based on them rather than on the pre-scientific notions of nature "as it confronts and intercepts man in life." For the latter are full of practical confusion, just as the poets' views are full of esthetic illusion.

2. Professor Dewey thinks that I achieve an easy victory by beating the dead dog of sensationalistic empiricism. But due attention to current accounts of scientific method, most of which follow Mach and Pearson, shows that though the dog is sick, his bite is still dangerous.

3. Professor Dewey implies that I am somewhat deficient in knowledge of my fellow philosophers, and more especially that I am unjust to William James. It would, indeed, be strange to claim that unlike other philosophers, and human beings generally, I have succeeded in being perfectly just to those from whom I differ. Nevertheless, what Professor Dewey offers as evidence on this point is not based on what my book actually says. I was not giving an account of James's philosophy, but was concerned with the popular anti-intellectual temper of our age when I quoted his preference for the "tang of life" over rigorous logic as a characteristic of philosophy. It is not due to my lack of sympathy that popular usage has derived opposition to logic and rational thought from James's remark.

As to my imputation to James of an unavowed definition of experience as immediate and vivid sensation, the attentive reader will, I think, find my text fully borne out by James's avowed nominalism and disparagement of conceptual thoughts, as well as by his expressed sympathy with Mach and Pearson. Against this Professor Dewey brings the argument that James was a keen critic of sensationalistic empiricism. But this, every careful reader will find, is the very thing on which I insist from the very first sentence of my account of James (page 42). Only I do not take it for granted that because James says one thing in one context he cannot say something quite different elsewhere. James's was a great and generous mind, rich in insight, but hardly inclined to sacrifice variety to logical consistency. My account of him is a serious and I believe sympathetic effort to understand the reasons for his diverse positions, and in doing this I have had the benefit of frequent discussions with him. My dissent from James's views may be due to my hardness of heart, but not to the fact, as Dewey puts it, that I cannot endure to dwell upon them long enough to see just what they are. It is precisely by dwelling upon them that I have been forced to my present position. Nor will the patient reader find that I dismiss James's views with only deprecatory tags, though I do feel that his "piecemeal supernaturalism" seriously threatens all the values of rational life and enlightened civilization. And I do believe that the latter really need and are worth defending.

New York City. MORRIS R. COHEN.

SIR: I could not and did not expect that Professor Cohen would accept the validity of my moderate criticism of his "Reason and Nature." I did not anticipate, however, that in replying he would provide such an excellent example of the trait chiefly criticized, namely, unwillingness to conceive of "experience" except in traditional, sensational and mental terms. For he explains that I differ from him because I am "primarily interested in the human world and in the psychologic growth of our ideas about things." This is a good instance of a failure to define a crucial issue because of misconception of alternatives. Until it is recognized that the newer conception of experience is precisely one which is concerned to break down the traditional isolation of the human from the "natural," of "ideas" from "things," by placing the human and mental in continuity with natural processes, the blurring of issues will persist. JOHN DEWEY.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Prisoners' Relief Fund

SIR: More than eighty political prisoners are now serving sentences in this country under sedition and criminal-syndicalism laws or because of strike, unemployment or union activities. Their terms range from one year to life.

We have organized a Prisoners' Relief Fund in order to send regularly each month to each one of these prisoners $5 with which he can buy postage stamps, stationery, candy, fruit, books or anything else which may make life in a cell a little easier. We also undertake to send each month to the dependents of each prisoner $20 to help meet rent and grocer's bills while the wage earner is away.

We are receiving checks and pledges and suggest that those who are interested in helping, pledge a definite amount ranging from $1 to $24 a year. If readers of The New Republic will do this, no prisoner need go without his monthly payment and no prisoner's family need go hungry. Every cent contributed goes for this purpose, all overhead being covered by the International Labor Defense. Members of the committee include Roger Baldwin, Henry T. Hunt, Winifred Chappell, Malcolm Cowley, William Pickens and Walter M. Hinkle. Checks may be made payable to the Prisoners' Relief Fund, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York City, or to Grace Hutchins, Treasurer, at the same address.

New York City. ROBERT W. DUNN.

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Is College Liberalism Dead?

SIR: I was very much surprised at the article by William Harlan Hale, "A Dirge for College Liberalism," in your issue of May 13. If liberalism has declined in the last three or four years in the colleges, it must be because the liberals are turning to the support of socialism, for the interest in and support of socialism in the colleges has been growing quite markedly in the last few years

At Harvard we have a Socialist Club, formed only two years ago, which has been quite active, has published several issues of a paper, and even accomplished the journalistic feat of forcing a statement from President Lowell regarding his attitude in the Sacco-Vanzetti case; something which the big newspapers in the country tried unsuccessfully to do.

We also have a Socialist Club in Boston University, something which, to the best of my knowledge, we have not had before. There is a student League for Industrial Democracy group in Greater Boston, another organization which has not been in existence before, and a series of liberal clubs with strong socialist leanings in the colleges of western Massachusetts, which have recently held a successful symposium on the need for a new political alignment.

The Socialist Club at Bates College in Maine carried the brunt of the hearings on the socialist bills in that state for unemployment insurance and old-age pensions, and has been so active that the legislative representative of the manufacturers in Maine publicly stated at the hearings before the legislature that he "thanked God he had not sent his son to Bates College if that is the sort of hellish doctrines that they teach there."

I do not claim any complete knowledge of the country as a whole, but I do know that there is a student Socialist Club at the University of Michigan which is publishing a wide-awake little paper. A man only recently out of college was formerly the state organizer and is now the publicity director of the Socialist party of Pennsylvania, and a University of Pennsylvania man is head of the Research Committee of the Socialist party in that state. A recently graduated college man is the national secretary of the Socialist party now.

This certainly does not look as though there was a slump in radical ideas in the colleges, whatever may have happened to the literary liberalism of which William Harlan Hale writes.

ALFRED BAKER LEWIS.

Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: Mr. Hale's article in The New Republic of May 13 opens a controversy. Here in Princeton several of us were discussing the article at supper tonight. From one side of the table or another came so many objections and exceptions to Mr. Hale's point of view that I have thought it worth while to submit a few of them to The New Republic's readers.

In the first place, Mr. Hale's chief bone of contention, that which he flung about and gnawed on the most, was a political one. In his excellent (and stimulating) article he states that "the first thing to disappear was the interest in politics." This statement is hardly correct. At Princeton there is what is called the "Four Course Plan"—a system by which the undergraduate is permitted at the end of his sophomore year to choose one of the departments of the university in which to specialize for his remaining two years. Besides carrying two subjects each term in the department he has elected, he is required to cover a good deal of "outside reading." During the last three years more students have elected the department of Politics each year than any other department. This cannot be explained by any lack of severity in grading on the part of the department, for it is one of the most difficult in the university. It can only be explained on the grounds of a genuine undergraduate interest in politics. Furthermore, there has been such a lively student interest in politics that, at the demand of the student body, there has been created in the last two years a special School of Public and International Affairs. It is further proposed this year to offer an A.M. degree to those who wish to continue their political studies after graduation.

Finally, in the matter of politics, it will be remembered that in October, 1928 (the fall in which the present junior class entered Princeton), the election board decided that the student body should not be permitted to vote in the approaching presidential election. President Hibben insisted in vain that inasmuch as the students rented their dormitory rooms for the entire year and were thus qualified residents of Princeton they should be entitled to vote. The following is quoted from The New York Times of October 18, 1928:

> The phrases "recrimination for discrimination—no vote, no trade" were emblazoned on orange and black placards along Nassau Street here today as a protest against depriving undergraduates at Princeton of the privilege of registering.

Following this, on October 20, rival student factions staged a political riot comparable to the riots of foreign students. The rioting occurred at night, when rival bands of students carrying red flares paraded in Nassau Street and tore down the huge political banners which had been suspended across the street. Fifteen hundred students participated in this riot. This demonstration, of course, was not so much an exhibition of interest in the election itself as it was a demand for suffrage. As such, however, it is hardly illustrative of the political apathy Mr. Hale has observed. . . .

Mr. Hale's remarks, moreover, about The Daily Princetonian's disapproval of The Argo, an undergraduate literary publication, are not justified. Quoting from an editorial which appeared in The Princetonian on May 7, 1931: "That The Princetonian has referred editorially to The Argo a total of three times. That on the first occasion it merely mentioned the publication along with books and 'other activities' as being one of the forces which were beginning to rival athletics. That, in the second case, it hailed the initial appearance of The Argo. . . . That, in the third editorial, it termed the magazine 'a really praiseworthy contribution to campus life.'"

In conclusion, liberalism is not dead in the American universities and colleges. It is simply no longer the confused irrational, helter-skelter dissatisfaction and seeking-after-freedom which followed the War, but an ordered, sane progressiveness which no one except a misfit would be tempted to call conservatism.

JOHN R. PALMER.

Princeton, N. J.

Two Categories of Capital

SIR: I am just beginning to glimpse what your writers mean by a realistic approach to social and economic problems. The term may mean more, but at least it includes long-windedness in presentation, and an unconscionable extension of bureaucracy. Some superrealist ought to make a historic study of bureaucracies to find one that functioned otherwise than for the greater glory of itself.

Be that as it may, your latest article, contributed by George Soule, misses one bet that looks good to me. The thing I have in mind is a classification of capital into two categories. One of these Mr. Soule deals with. It is the storing up of labor products to be used for further production. This accounts for about half of the capital account. The second is the private ownership of the natural environment from which all labor products come. Statistics indicate that such investments account for the second half of the national wealth.

The point I want to make, which of course you have scented from afar, is that these two kinds of capital respond differently to taxation, since taxes on capital created by labor are added to consumers' costs, while taxes on the source of all wealth discourage speculation in nature and may be depended upon to reduce land values. To concentrate taxes on the natural element then, and to exempt labor products, would materially reduce the cost of living, and it might stimulate the demand for labor sufficiently to put the business cycle out of commission.

Here is an expedient that requires no extension of bureaucracy, but is indeed a simplification of present governmental practices. It will encounter psychological obstacles of course, but so will any suggestion to change the chaotic status quo.

GEORGE A. BRIGGS.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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Robert Herrick, Liberal

This is the second of three essays on the attitude of American novelists toward American industry. Last week Mr. Hicks discussed "The Breadwinners," by John Hay, "the first polemic in American fiction in defense of property." His third essay will deal with the radicalism of John Dos Passos.—THE EDITORS.

JOHN HAY'S experiment led, as we have seen, to almost nothing. Local color dominated the literature of the eighties and nineties, and though the leader of the school made some excursions into the new fields that increasing industrialization offered, Howells' disciples did not in this particular follow him. Not, in fact, until after 1900 did anything that could be called a literature of industrial subjects come into existence. When, however, that literature began, it developed rapidly. Two forces, one literary and one social, fostered its growth: the method of naturalism, utilized in the nineties by Crane and Norris, transferred the attention of novelists from calm and pleasant rural scenes to the sordid, vigorous, strident life of cities; and the muckraking crusade awakened in both novelists and the public a new awareness of industrial problems. In its most characteristic form, i. e., the life story of a business man, the novel of industrialism became, indeed, the fashion of the moment. But more than a fad was involved in this activity: fictionalists were merely expressing and responding to the emergence of the American people from the first state of the industrial process—the stage of bewildered acceptance, greedy joy or precipitate escape. Today it is easier than it was two or three years ago, while the bright rays of apparent prosperity still dazzled us, to understand the emotions of the muckrakers and their novelistic brethren. They realized, as we are realizing, that the American Republic is still some distance this side of Paradise, and we know how disconcerting that discovery is.

Well informed, clear thinking, temperate in his judgments but uncompromising in his convictions, Robert Herrick is typical of the best liberalism in the period from 1900 to 1915. With almost scientific thoroughness, as we shall see, he investigated the symptoms of disease in the body politic, and yet his knowledge of literature and his study of method kept him from becoming a mere journalist like David Graham Phillips. He did not accept socialism as did Jack London and Upton Sinclair, but he was in no danger of being deceived by the empty phrases of Rooseveltian oratory. He judged American life not by the standard of some panacea, but by the standard of his own austere New England conscience. In his work, if anywhere, we should be able to test the value of liberalism as a point of departure for the novelist of the industrial scene.

In his first full-length novel, "The Gospel of Freedom" (1898), Herrick announced the two themes that throughout his career have been his principal, though not his sole, concern: the conflict in our competitive society between the desire for success and the maintenance of personal integrity, and the place of women in American life. In this novel the latter theme is given prominence, for the story is that of Adela Anthon's search for freedom and happiness, of her choice of a business man as husband rather than an artist, of her revolt against her husband, and of her victory over her selfishness. But the two themes are, as usual, interwoven, for Adela's demands on Wilbur increase his eagerness for wealth, and his absorption in his work encourages her preoccupation with herself. Over against Adela and John Wilbur, Herrick sets Molly Parker, who has found happiness for herself by seeking happiness for others, and Thornton Jennings, a young lawyer with an interest in reform, who abandons his career in order to be true to his ideals.

In the many novels and short stories he has written since "The Gospel of Freedom," Herrick has returned again and again to these themes, and in treating them has fully explored the business world. His best portrait of the successful business man is in "The Memoirs of an American Citizen," in which Van Harrington tells the story of his own rise. Herrick permits Harrington to present, completely and not unintelligently, the opinions of a man whose expansive desires recognize no ethical bounds, and he creates a remarkable woman, Jane Dround, who expresses even more clearly than Harrington himself the imaginative appeal of business enterprise. On the other hand, the integrity of Harrington's sister-in-law and of the New Englander Farson balances the narrator's ruthlessness, and the conclusion of the book suggests the emptiness of Harrington's achievements.

Other business men figure, of course, in Herrick's novels: Wilbur in "The Gospel of Freedom," John Lane in "Together," Alexander Arnold in "A Life for a Life," and Alex Gerson in "Waste," to name but a few. The reformer also appears in many of his books, usually as a foil to the business man: Jennings in "The Gospel of Freedom" and Hugh Grant in "A Life for a Life." Occasionally Herrick introduces radicals: the Chicago anarchists in "The Memoirs of an American Citizen," for example. Laborers are less often portrayed, but "A Life for a Life" carries its hero into the mining district, and one of the characters in "Clark's Field" is a typically ambitious and optimistic American worker. A common theme is the corrupting influence of business opportunities, methods and philosophy on members of the professions—on an architect in "The Common Lot," on a lawyer in "The Memoirs of an American Citizen," on a doctor in "Together" and on educators in "Chimes." Seldom as it is, then, that Herrick takes us into the factories, the phenomenon of industrialism is central in his books, and his record of American life in the first decade of the twentieth century approximates inclusiveness.

The sweep of Herrick's work justifies our examination of his career, but we must study his books more closely before we can conclude whether or not his attitude toward industry is an advantageous one for the artist. Has he, we must ask ourselves, helped us to see industrialism and its results in any fresh and fruitful way? As has so often been said, the incredibly rapid advance of the machine, especially in the United States, where there was no firmly established body of tradition to resist the onslaught, destroyed for a considerable period of time the possibility of the average individual's achieving a well rounded and firmly integrated life. Parrington has shown us the helplessness of Transcendentalism and the seaboard culture in the face of this sudden development. Not only were formal codes of philosophy, ethics and politics made meaningless; the simple but practical standards of the ordinary man were ineffectual in this new environment. From the point of view of the nation's cultural welfare, the great problem of the last seventy years has been the relating of both the methods and the accomplishments of industrialism to some conception of the good life. Obviously this is, at least in

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part, a problem for the artist to solve, since we depend upon the seers, upon the men gifted with unusual imaginations, to show us, to create for us, the attitudes and the visions by means of which necessary adjustments can be made and new values brought into being.

That Herrick is such a seer cannot be maintained. His work reveals, just as does the work of such muckrakers as Ida Tarbell and Ray Stannard Baker, that a resolute faith in honesty and unselfishness may provide a standard by which to measure the shortcomings of business methods, but that it does not lead to any such broad understanding of industrialism as might make the machine the servant of society. Looked at purely as a literary matter, this attitude of Herrick's is directly responsible for the major weakness of many of his novels. In, for example, "The Memoirs of an American Citizen," personal honesty is all on one side and constructive industrial achievement on the other. Herrick's sincerity compelled him to show, in novel after novel, that the men who were, for better or for worse, building the new America were men he could not admire, whereas the men he did admire were impotent in an industrial society. Of course, Herrick was simply stating the facts, and one must honor him for refusing to falsify them. But the significant point for the critic is that Herrick never got beyond the statement of facts, never could find a way, that is, to mold these facts into integral parts of some unified, artistic whole.

Herrick's books were a solemn summons to his contemporaries to count the cost of the material achievements of which they boasted. To him it was perfectly clear that the most fabulous wealth could not recompense a man for the loss of his soul. Only by austerely disdaining material rewards could a man hope to find salvation in twentieth-century America. But better even than the life of personal righteousness, advisable though that might be as a compromise permitting some sort of survival in the world we know, was the life that completely severed itself from every taint of commercialism, the life led by the Master of the Inn in the northern hills. Herrick's real heroes are the Master, Holden in "The Healer" and Renault in "Together," men who preach and practise the gospel of physical and spiritual health. Is not this the logical conclusion for Herrick to have reached? Once he had decided that by the very nature of industrialism the unscrupulous prospered and the righteous suffered, was he not forced to say that there could be no health in it? And is not this opinion fundamentally in accord with the spirit of American liberalism, with its Jeffersonian heritage? Has not traditional American liberalism always regarded industrialism as at best a necessary evil, and have not most of its programs of reform aimed, like treaties regulating the conduct of war, at making the evil tolerable? If liberals have infrequently gone so far in the direction of repudiating industrialism as Herrick, that is because they have thought less clearly than he. But they have had a constant sense of malaise which, if it has kept them from complacently accepting the status quo, has also prevented them from evolving a plan or undertaking a campaign to bring order out of the existing industrial chaos.

Herrick may, of course, be right; there are those today who take their stand on his side and say the machine should be scrapped. But is it possible that great novels, taking industry as their theme, can be written from such an attitude? What is the quality in Herrick's work that keeps the reader from wholeheartedly admiring it? Is it not that he stands outside of the life he describes? The great novels, when they come, will humanize industry; Herrick, in his heart, rejects it. The great novels, will, one suspects, be poetic, for their authors will look at the machines and see them as no one previously has; Herrick's work is unpoetic, his descriptions clear rather than revealing, his narrative passages smooth but scarcely dynamic, his language in moments of passion rhetorical and not dramatic. Why is "Waste," his most ambitious novel, so little moving? Is it not because he fails to recreate and to make the reader relive the life of those three decades that he knows so well and records so honestly? "Waste" is an accurate, in its own way, an impressive, recital of a man's life in a certain period of history; but where is the vision that could give this life esthetic—and human—significance?

It would be false to assume that Herrick is completely representative of the dozen novelists who, between 1900 and 1915, challenged the American conscience. Each of these men had his peculiar defects, his own special reasons for his own special kind of failure. But in so far as any one of these men was a liberal, we may count on finding in his novels, whatever else we may find, weaknesses closely resembling those we have found in Herrick's books. The pragmatic test would seem to indicate that, in the writing of novels of industrialism, the fruitful attitude is no more likely to be the liberalism of Robert Herrick than it is to be the conservatism of John Hay.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Two Judgments of "American Earth"

American Earth, by Erskine Caldwell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

ANYONE who has ever spent much time where the untutored sons of these States forgather—as, for instance, in the army—must have heard, for hours on end, reminiscences poured forth in floods of anecdote—incidents pointed and pointless, significant and insignificant. In such story-telling is to be found the true popular or vulgar oral literature of America, the germ, the unformed beginning of narrative. The complaint is often made that this country has no folk tales; and while the complaint is mistaken, inasmuch as America is rich in folk tales, it is true they are local and generally have a look of quaint relics of a vanished age. But the endless stories which men tell each other of their own lives—into these taken in the mass, though each is individual in origin, the whole characteristic life of America is digested and distilled.

With such stories our politer letters have never condescended to have much traffic, perhaps for the excellent reason that most of our literary men, being somewhat orchidlike of nature, have seldom been where these recitals take place. Picaresque, proletarian, peasant America, though the most interesting as well as the largest part of the nation, has appeared in literature but little, and then as if viewed *de haut en bas*—almost never has it appeared in the terms of its own chosen mode of expression, the reminiscent anecdote.

Mr. Erskine Caldwell's collection of stories, "American Earth," is closer to this kind of narrative than any other book I know. To be sure, his field is limited—his first dozen sketches and incidents are entitled "Far South," his second twelve "Farthest East"—and he is so good a writer that the flavor of locality is strong in his work; but there

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is nothing necessarily local about the genre which he has chosen. It could be used equally well for all other parts of the Union.

While presumably one must not suppose that Mr. Caldwell's stories are autobiographical, it is as if he were telling offhand of things that had happened to him or that he had run into—insignificant in themselves perhaps, but somehow, though one could not say why, memorable. Always he is, or pretends to be, the unsophisticated raconteur. Character, emotion, significance, are secondary, at most implied; plot is nonexistent; he deals in sheer incident, the primal germ plasm of narrative. Of the many contemporary efforts to get back, in revolt against the overelaborate and artificial productions of recent art, to some unexhausted original rootstock, Mr. Caldwell's is one of the most successful.

Mr. Caldwell goes back even farther than the folk for his fresh start; he reverts to boyhood. Much of his best work shows that bright, wide-eyed innocent fascination with everything dirty, nasty, horrible or gruesome which is one of the strangest and most unfailing traits of small boys. Even Mr. Caldwell's treatment of sex seems somehow preadolescent. His writing has a fresh, direct immediacy of juvenility which is extremely rare—and since his folk, even his adults, are the sort who stay juvenile all their lives, there is no incongruity.

One reason undoubtedly for his success is that, as the jacket of his book tells us, he has had a varied and extensive career among the people of whom—and like whom—he speaks. Not only, however, has Mr. Caldwell picked cotton in Tennessee, served as night cook in the Union Station at Wilkes-Barre, and reported for The Atlanta Journal; he has lately published his stories in Pagany, This Quarter, Transition and other such periodicals. And as his biography indicates the source of his strength, so do these names suggest his weakness, or at least the dangers which beset him. These occult magazines, priding themselves on making no compromise with common humanity, these purveyors of caviar, are insidious poison for Mr. Caldwell.

Since this is his first book—with the exception of "The Bastard," which was privately printed—one expects the unevenness and uncertainty which one finds; the serious peril is not his occasional fumbling, but his too frequent affectation. His naïveté too often is plainly a self-conscious pose. He is not free from preciosity—and of all kinds of stories, preciosity is most fatal to his kind. In part, this quality springs from a too devoted imitation of Sherwood Anderson; in part from a deference, perhaps, to the journals which have printed Mr. Caldwell's stories but with which, one suspects and hopes, Mr. Caldwell has little really in common. Especially are these effects evident in the third part of "American Earth," which contains only one long piece consisting of numerous tiny disconnected bits of fact and phantasy—a type of thing which seems, now at least, not to be the writer's forte.

Mr. Caldwell's unmistakable ability, his out-of-the-ordinary and interesting talent, and his very remarkable achievement justify us in having great hopes of him. Let us pray, however, that he may be delivered from the highbrows.

T. K. WHIPPLE.

IN A YEAR of generally dispiriting fiction, Erskine Caldwell's book of stories is important enough to justify the publication of a dissenting opinion. Not that I disagree with most of Mr. Whipple's admirably phrased review: what he says about the anecdotes that compose more than two-thirds of the volume is acute and unexceptionable; but he adopts a more questionable position in his last three paragraphs, when he takes "American Earth" as an excuse for attacking the influence of the little magazines.

During the last twelve years, almost every new writer destined to have any influence on the history of American literature has begun by appearing in the little magazines. The statement is more than justified by the facts. Leaving aside The Little Review and Others, which would carry us far into the past; leaving aside Transition and Pagany for an opposite reason: namely, that most of the writers they introduced are still too young to be widely known, one can quickly gather an impressive list of publications and writers. There is The Dial, which brought forward E. E. Cummings, Glenway Wescott, Kenneth Burke, Hart Crane, Elizabeth Madox Roberts—Broom, which published Matthew Josephson and Kay Boyle—The Fugitive, which produced Allen Tate and Robert Penn Warren among others—The Transatlantic Review, with Ernest Hemingway and Nathan Asch—"The American Caravan" (belonging at least in spirit among the little magazines), which first published the work of Erskine Caldwell himself, as well as printing Josephine Herbst, Katherine Anne Porter and others whose names are certain to be widely known. The list could easily be continued: it is enough to say that the primary function of the little magazines is discovering talent, and that they have performed this function successfully, having revealed such new talents as there were to be unearthed.

But the little magazines have a secondary function: that of encouraging experimental writing, which is another term for original writing. Originality is not a virtue mysteriously born into writers: it can be developed in talented people by force of reflection and reworking; it can also be destroyed in them if they write only for publications which demand that everything be done according to formula. The little magazines as a class have encouraged originality in the writers they printed. In so doing they have also encouraged affectation, mannerism and unintelligibility, but this, I think, was also desirable—not because I admire these literary vices for themselves, but because they often lead to admirable qualities. The young writer adopts them as a means toward developing a personal style; in the end he sloughs them off. If he doesn't, he isn't worth lamenting.

Mr. Caldwell is a literary child of the "occult" magazines, a child with eight foster-parents: "The American Caravan," Blues, Front, The Hound and Horn, Nativity, Pagany, This Quarter and Transition. By publishing his work, the best and the worst of it, they have encouraged him to develop something original. What I dissent from in Mr. Whipple's review is that he attacks precisely the portion of "American Earth" in which the author's original qualities are most evident.

I refer, of course, to the "disconnected bits of fact and phantasy" which compose the third section of the book. Here Mr. Caldwell achieves a sort of violent poetry, simple, romantic, arbitrary and effective; it is a mood unique in American prose (though suggested by the poems of Phelps Putnam). His figures of speech are expressed in terms of hyperbolic action. "Once," says Mr. Caldwell, "the sun was so hot a bird came down and walked beside me in my shadow. . . . In the chill frost of winter," he says elsewhere, "I left Memphis and rode on the outside of freight cars all the way to the Atantic. The nights were so cold that my fingers froze around the iron bars and at daybreak each morning I had to bite them away with my teeth." The effect of hunger on the imagination is conveyed by one statement of fact: "A man walked into

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a restaurant through the front door and ate all he wanted to eat." Approaching death is a picture of buzzards in a field:

> There was an old Negro who was almost a hundred years old. When he worked in his cotton patch, the buzzards walked behind him all day and clawed the red earth with their feet and pecked at it with their beaks, and at night they roosted on top of his house and flapped their wings till the sun rose.

I don't mean to imply that the whole third section of the book is on the same high level. There are trite and sentimental passages which move one to personal fury against the author; there is also, as Mr. Whipple says, a good deal of preciousness and affectation. But for figures of speech like those quoted, and for the episodes which surround them, one could forgive any amount of faulty writing. Erskine Caldwell brings a new quality into American fiction: may due credit be given to the little magazines which recognized his talent.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle

The Two Carlyles, by Osbert Burdett. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 309 pages. $4.

AFTER his family picture of the idyllic Brownings, Mr. Burdett has now directed his "sensitiveness to the relation of marriage" toward the vexed case of Jane and Thomas Carlyle. The preface rightly gives warning that "portraiture, not biography" was the author's intention, and adds his hope that this book will be called "a work of imagination." Actually, the result is far from simple portraiture, although not in the direction of a circumstantial "Life" *à deux.*

Two other ingredients have been almost equally apportioned with the pictorial. One is the specific criticism of Carlyle's writings: criticism of a thoughtful quality which will fall short of excellence only in the eyes of ardent disciples and defenders. The third ingredient is Mr. Burdett's unfailing delight in *obiter dicta,* in "asides" and pronouncements of so general a nature that they will, surely, be considered very philosophical by readers whom they do not annoy. Considered together in retrospect, these two parts of criticism and manifesto may lend to the whole such an imaginative effect as Mr. Burdett mentions; but while one reads they occur, for pages at a time, quite separately from each other and from all strict portrayal of the two Carlyles. It is true, however, that neat aphorisms are sifted through the critical and pictorial layers as well. Perhaps the best of these generalizations, and the most relevant to the subject, is that quoted on the jacket: "Marriage is the hard life . . ."; perhaps the oddest of them all concludes a passage which has made it sufficiently clear that Carlyle before marriage was, on the whole, self-sufficient: "Egoism is, precisely, this unawareness of other people."

The quality that chiefly distinguishes this version of the Carlyles from others is its freedom from partisanship. If Carlyle himself appears now and then in colors rather darker than any in his wife's portrait, it is less his fault than that of "authorship" itself, about which Mr. Burdett has much to say. But if the writer's need of isolation is allowed to have been one cause of tangling these domestic relations, Mr. Burdett's reiteration of another point attributes still larger importance to the absence of children from this household—for example, "The great saying of Isaiah, that a little child shall lead them, is profoundly true of married life." Deprivation of "the genuine satisfactions of maternity," Mr. Burdett says again and again, caused Mrs. Carlyle as much suffering as her husband would have felt if he had never been able to finish a book. A certain irony may perhaps be read into this, since Mr. Burdett's conclusion of the whole matter is that Mrs. Carlyle was the more successful of the two in leaving a written record of her many charms and talents; whereas he pictures her husband, "an inhibited author to the last," as a better man than his books.

It must not be feared that Mr. Burdett makes undue analysis of these inhibitions, either the maternal or the auctorial. Yet such a great weight of emphasis lies upon domestic maladjustments that one remembers and rereads with most pleasure the first two chapters, the separate pictures of the young Thomas and the younger Jane, with their two families. The third chapter, "A Comedy of Courtship," serves as a not too solemn guide through five years of indecision and voluminous correspondence; their youth and these hesitations before their marriage at thirty and at twenty-five constitute one-third of the story. The couple's first eight years together, in Edinburgh and at Craigenputtock, are more briefly told, with two welcome interludes in which Mr. Burdett turns his admirable critical attention to the early Review articles and to "Sartor Resartus." The last hundred pages complete the tale of Carlyle's half-century in London, and they contribute further passages of the literary criticism for which this book is most happily to be remarked—as well as further philosophizing on abstract love and marriage, on collective wives and husbands. One could wish that three books had been made of this one: the first that could easily be excerpted, including most of Mr. Burdett's generalizations under such a title as "How to Live with an Author," might become as widely consulted as any of the late Arnold Bennett's handbooks; there would remain an unpartisan portrait, "The Two Carlyles," shorn of its *longueurs;* and there would remain as finely profitable a criticism of Carlyle's writings as it has been my fortune to encounter.

HANSELL BAUGH.

A News-Book

Can These Things Be! by George Seldes. New York: Brewer and Warren. 433 pages. $4.

THIS IS a new type of book, a book that is modeled on the daily newspaper: a news-book, a book written by a reporter for a news-craving public. It differs from a daily newspaper in one respect: it has no local or domestic news, but confines its news-gathering activities to foreign countries, mainly to Europe. In all other respects it is just a newspaper in book form; it is even printed like a newspaper, with heads and subheads in type of various size. The news is poured forth in a torrent which carries the reader along at a headlong pace. It is vigorous, vivacious, dramatic, but has little coördination, less reflection and no analysis; there is no time for these luxuries in a newspaper. The world wants its news sizzling hot off the griddle, and Mr. Seldes gives the world what, presumably, it wants. He gives in bounteous profusion. Any author who husbanded his material would have made two or more books out of this one, but Mr. Seldes is generous. All that he has he gives, at once, in overflowing measure.

Are we in the thirteenth year since the end of the Great War? Mr. Seldes recalls us to reality. That War is not yet ended, not by a long shot; it is even now raging through

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vast territories in Europe, Asia and Africa. In the four years from 1925 to 1928, he informs us, 512,975 persons met their death, 162,642 were wounded, 416,743 were arrested, and 35,770 were condemned to death as a result of the fights for or against dictatorships, for or against national majorities or national minorities, and of the activities of the various terrors. (How in the world did Mr. Seldes arrive at these precise figures?) Ordinarily we hear only of the Bolshevik terror, but there are many others which the regular newspapers rarely mention: terrors in Italy, Jugoslavia, Albania, Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary, Poland, Finland, Lithuania, Turkey, as well as in Egypt, China, British India, French Indo-China, etc. Was the press gagged during the War? The press is still gagged in all these countries; and in other countries, in which there is no formal censorship, it meekly follows the dictates of the governments, or is corrupted by gold. The right of political asylum has become so precarious as to be only nominal; in France, for instance, any new orientation of the government toward a foreign country may result in the deportation of the political refugees of that country. The case of Trotsky, which Mr. Seldes does not mention, is notorious; for him this goodly earth is "a planet without a visa."

I have said that this book is a special kind of newspaper, but it is one in which the reporter permits himself to editorialize freely. In his news-book the foreign correspondent George Seldes is not a hired man, who must carry out orders from headquarters; he is free, and he freely expresses his own views and sentiments, which are those of an uncompromising democrat. He hates dictatorships, all dictatorships without distinction. But he hates with a special and virulent hatred the dictatorships of Fascism and Bolshevism. In regard to Fascism, he produces a mass of evidence showing up its economic failures, its financial corruption, its merciless brutalities toward its political island-prisoners. As concerns Bolshevism, he is far more general in his denunciations, decidedly lacking in specific facts—whether because there are not so many outrages, or because he could not get at them. However, he hates it with the same cordial, consuming hatred. He knows that "all the dictators of Europe are united against the Russian dictatorship." He knows that the would-be Fascists of Germany are supported and financed by the same class—the magnates of industry and finance—that has given Italy over to an eighteenth-century police-state. He knows that communism is the child of modern industrialism. Yet he rages against communist propaganda as a "plot," and not for a single moment does he consider that, maybe, the proletarian dictatorship in Russia is the midwife to a new society in the act of being born, and that this new society must be defended, sword in hand, against a world of enemies within and without. Our honest and fearless reporter is a complete stranger to social theory or historical criticism.

But the book is not concerned exclusively with politics. There are several delightful sketches of a personal character—"human interest" stories, to lighten the make-up. Among these I can refer only to the amusing skit of Queen Marie of Rumania at the funeral of her husband, and the vigorous, vivid portrait of Isadora Duncan in the days of her decline; in its economy, compactness, directness, the latter reminds one of the art of Maupassant. "Psychoanalysis in Vienna" will cause a wailing and a gnashing of teeth even in New York, while the "Birthpangs of the German Republic" will provoke the hearty laughter even of those who have not learned that when history repeats itself it frequently enacts a farce—particularly in Germany.

HERMAN SIMPSON.

How the Incas Lived

Ancient Civilization of the Andes, by Philip A. Means. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 586 pages. $7.50.

WHATEVER the case may be in other parts of the globe, in Spanish America archeology is not merely an intellectual diversion. Indeed, the interesting survey of the valley of Teotihuacán by Señor Gamio in Mexico, to give but one instance, tends to show that archeology south of the Rio Grande belongs not only to the past, but undoubtedly, necessarily, to the future also. "Ancient Civilization of the Andes" embodies a similar attitude of mind, predicated upon the proposition that the race which produced most of the old culture "is still living, and, relatively speaking, is almost unchanged in custom, character and genius."

Señor Gamio's work in Mexico was a piece of applied anthropology and archeology. Mr. Means's study is rather the theoretical basis for such application, though it points in an interesting and significant manner toward future action. After a lucid and penetrating consideration of the mountain environment, the author proceeds in the subsequent chapters to trace the course of the various Andean cultures. He dwells at length on the Incaic civilization as being the most important of these, and devotes special chapters to detailed treatment of the Inca dynasties, the economic, political and social aspects of Incaic civilization, the ceremonial and religious life of the Andeans and their intellectual pursuits. The chapter on weaving is especially interesting for its keen and original observations—which, by the way, are not lacking in other portions of the work.

Mr. Means's book is carefully written, too carefully, one is almost inclined to say; for the authors of our day are supposed to descant rather than compose. But even if somewhat labored at times, the language is always interesting and readable; and what a relief it is to see Spanish words accurately spelled and accented! The bibliography, full and systematic, and the author's copious notes, clearly testify to his competence in his chosen field. In reading "Ancient Civilization of the Andes," one cannot but sense that indescribable quality of true scholarship, which, like an esoteric mystery, is revealed only to a few votaries after years of service. The book, in brief, combines readability with scholarship. It is to be hoped that the author will give us a subsequent volume, dealing possibly with the later history of Andean civilization, including its contact with European culture; for such a study would come as a valuable sequel to the present volume.

E. R. PINEDA.

Book Notes

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

FREUD AND HIS TIME, by Fritz Wittels. *Translated by Louise Brink. New York: Horace Liveright. 451 pages. $4.*

The history of Freud's studies in psychoanalysis—his conclusions, emphases, development of methods and the influences that directed his own native abilities—receives lengthy and admiring attention from one of his own disciples who has himself contributed to psychoanalytical theory. It cannot be said, in spite of the very well chosen quotations from Freud's work, that Wittels' account is one of the better books on the general content of psychoanalysis. The method of presentation is too confused. At one moment the author assumes knowledge of Freud's doctrines and at the next expounds in detail some of the more elementary psycho-

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analytical notions. The gravest fault is the failure of the book to give any clear notion of the exact historical course of Freud's ideas and to clarify certain obscure doctrinal postulates. The most interesting part of the book relates Freud's great indebtedness to Goethe.

INNOCENCE ABROAD, by Emily Clark. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 270 pages. $3.*

This book of memoirs is a fair sample of the enthusiasm that made possible the conception, progress and fate of The Reviewer. Miss Clark is well aware that The Reviewer, with herself as editor, has contributed its share to the making of current literary reputations. This fact is established by genial gossip concerning such arrivals from the South as James Branch Cabell, Frances Newman, Julia Peterkin, Du Bose Heyward, Paul Green, Gerald Johnson; and by mention of a few non-Southerners, Carl Van Vechten and Joseph Hergesheimer in particular, who extended helping hands in Miss Clark's direction. The entire book, written in a spirit of Southern hospitality that recalls Civil War costume novels, has the atmosphere of a literary tea—without the usual cakes, anchovy sandwiches and bathtub-gin punch.

LIGHT HORSE HARRY LEE, by Thomas Boyd. *New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 359 pages. $3.50.*

There is something about Mr. Boyd's style that is like trying to run very fast in knee-deep water. He takes a perfectly magnificent thing like Lee's assault on Paulus Hook and slows it up in some inexplicable way. At random: "The British commandant, he informed Lee, had listened politely but immovably to this representation of his impending fate." It is dead. His battles are detailed and tiresome. The way to write about battles is not with your tongue in your cheek. Mr. Boyd contributes nothing new to the Revolutionary period, though he has found some interesting documents relating to those last dismal years of Lee's life. Light Horse Harry's career was vibrant, picturesque and tragic—the career of a man who gave everything to his country and died in poverty and neglect. Mr. Boyd has obscured the bright colors of his personality by swathing him in flannel prose.

World Politics

ABOUT ZIONISM, by Professor Albert Einstein. *Translated with an introduction by Leon Simon. New York: The Macmillan Company. 94 pages. $1.25.*

These speeches and letters are of particular interest in that they reveal the mind of Einstein when outside its chosen field. No new thought on Zionism is projected. The physicist's personality, however, is indicated by the selection of arguments, and by the relative emphasis given them. The major motive impelling Einstein to align himself with this Jewish cause seems, in a negative way, to be esthetic. "I have always," he states, "been annoyed by the undignified assimilationist cravings and strivings which I have observed in so many of my friends." The antidote—"that we Jews become once more conscious of our nationality and regain the self-respect which is necessary to our national existence"—logically follows. Einstein holds, moreover, that the moral health of the Jews of the world largely depends on the effort to rebuild Palestine.

SAMOA: UNDER THE SAILING GODS, by N. A. Rowe. *With an introduction by Lloyd Osbourne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 354 pages, illustrated. $5.*

On the outbreak of the Great War, New Zealand occupied the German part of the Samoan archipelago (the remainder is in the possession of the United States). It thus fulfilled a New Zealand ambition for empire in the South Seas which had already had a considerable diplomatic history. It has shown all the idiocies of a parvenu imperialism which no doubt will be tamed by experience, if the Samoans survive long enough to practise on. The record is both ludicrous and tragic. The style of Mr. Rowe (a dissident administrator making charges and confessions together) is perfect for its purpose. Familiar and anecdotal, it makes the personnel of this miniature imperialism visible, audible and redolent. The first half of the book is a fascinating casual history of the islands, an excellent preparation for the main show.

POLITICAL CONSEQUENCES OF THE WAR, by Ramsay Muir. *Home University Library. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 252 pages. $1.25.*

This little book is, on the whole, a very good guide. The point of view is that of a British liberal, a staunch believer in the League of Nations in spite of all its failures, which are frankly acknowledged. The best sections are those which deal with Britain and the British Empire, the worst those dealing with the Russian Revolution, which the author seems to understand no better than Burke did the French Revolution.

Fiction

CAT WITHOUT SUBSTANCE, by Sylva Norman. *New York: W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.*

It is of no particular advantage to Sylva Norman that she has woven strands of Aldous Huxley and Virginia Woolf into her own fabric of modern English life. Miss Norman should stand clear of these influences, for the best of her book is a simply told Irish-Italian tragedy, against the finely achieved background of Venice seen as "a cloying whore." Unfortunately the novel as a whole is seen as through a rotogravure section darkly: various young people go hungering for something—whether God, peace or love is not always certain—but their quests are strewn with pages upon pages of clipped sardonics. There is much playing at clever writing, but also, in the case of the Venetian episode, there is beauty.

HIS MONKEY WIFE, or Married to a Chimp, by John Collier. *New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.*

Mr. Collier belongs well up in front in the baroque squad of fictioneers; he has expended a great lot of pains on the adventures of Emily, the chimpanzee who turns female impersonator to win a simple soul named Fatigay for husband, and very nearly smothers her under a load of metaphor and sleek mannerisms. In his dealings with the virtuous Emily, Mr. Collier is frequently ingenious and witty, notably in the British Museum episode; in the half of the book in which he attempts to satirize the manners and morals of modern London, however, there is less humor than artifice.

Contributors

Stuart Chase, the author of "Men and Machines," "Prosperity: Fact or Myth," and of the recently published "Nemesis of American Business," has completed a volume which Macmillan will soon bring out under the title of "Mexico: A Study in Two Americas." It will include the series of articles on Mexico which begins in the present issue of The New Republic.

Heber Blankenhorn was formerly a member of the Bureau of Industrial Research and foreign correspondent of Labor. He is at present traveling through Spain, where he arrived during the week in which the revolution occurred.

H. Boner, a contributor to Poetry and other magazines, has, during the past year, been studying for an M.A. degree at Columbia University.

Morris R. Cohen, professor of Philosophy at the College of the City of New York, recently published "Reason and Nature," a treatise on the meaning of scientific method.

T. K. Whipple is professor of English at Stanford University and the author of "Spokesmen: Modern Writers and American Life."

Hansell Baugh, who contributes frequently to The Bookman and other magazines, edited "Frances Newman's Letters," published by Horace Liveright.

Herman Simpson was on the editorial staff of "The International Encyclopedia" and was formerly editor of The New York Call and The New Review.

E. R. Pineda, a native Mexican who is at present living in New York City, graduated from Harvard and has since that time lectured and written on Spanish-American affairs.

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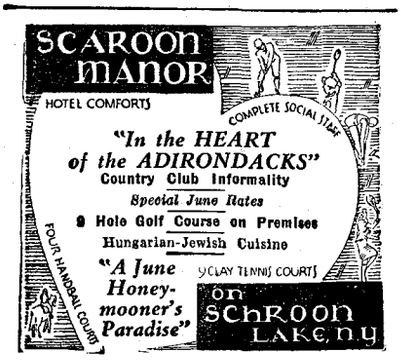

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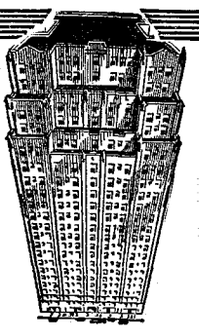

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